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The Week

ONE result which Secretary Lansing has accomplished by his book is the unintentional exoneration of Mr. William C. Bullitt from any blameworthy betrayal of confidence in testifying as he did before the Senate Committee. Mr. Lansing has in writing and publishing his book pursued substantially the same course which Mr. Bullitt pursued in giving his testimony. He has torn holes in the curtain which the perpetrators of the Treaty of Versailles have tried to keep hanging between the public and the interpretation of that document. He has revealed the dismay and distress which the complete text of the Treaty caused in the minds of many of Mr. Wilson's supposed assistants and the narrow margin by which a number of important resignations were averted. He has torn these holes in the curtain because the American public is in his opinion entitled to know the facts and because an important public interest is served by publishing them. Mr. Bullitt acted from the same motives in an attempt to reach the same result, the chief difference being that when Mr. Bullitt gave his testimony the Treaty was still unratified and indiscredited. The Bullitt revelations took place at the moment when their author incurred the heaviest personal loss and accomplished the most public good. The Lansing revelations take place at a moment when their author incurred no personal loss and accomplished a much smaller amount of public good.

ANOTHER difference between Mr. Bullitt and Mr. Lansing was that the former acted on his convictions and resigned while the latter suppressed his convictions and retained his office. It is a great pity that the other opponents of the Treaty in the American delegation at Paris followed Mr. Lansing's example rather than Mr. Bullitt's. What the American public really needed to know about the Treaty was that its signature was equivalent to a solemn "abandonment of the principles for which America fought." If the experts and officials mentioned by Mr. Lansing had testified to this effect by resigning at the time Mr. Bullitt resigned, the American public would have realized much sooner that, as Mr. Lansing says, the Treaty substituted for the conditions which produced the war other conditions "equally productive of hatred, jealousy and suspicion." But they stayed on and the public here and abroad is learning by bitter experience the truth which the officials and experts might and should have revealed in June, 1919. It was because those who believed in a vindictive peace were bad enough to act on their convictions while those who believed in a healing peace were too good to act on theirs that the Treaty of Versailles was such a failure and such an offense. More power to the William C. Bullitts.

THERE exists in England and to a smaller extent in this country among people who believe it impossible for Germany to pay as much in reparations as the Allies demand, a tendency to chide her for her recalcitrance. Why not promise to pay, they say, and then allow events to demonstrate the impossibility of keeping the promise? This seems to us extraordinary advice to offer to a nation which

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a short time ago was held up to scorn by its present counsellors because of the violation of its agreements. It is fantastic to expect anything like appeasement or moral recovery in Europe when nations are asked to sign contracts which they consider impossible of execution and which, should they refuse to sign, must pay for refusal by suffering military invasion. If the world is again to become a tolerable place in which to live this reign of force must stop. It will not stop until the victims of force oppose it by firm moral resistance. That is what Germany is now doing and if she can retain her national cohesion, she will vindicate in the end her right to be sincerely consulted about the amount of her liabilities. The German government committed a grave mistake in signing a Treaty which the German people with practical unanimity believed to be impossible of execution. They are now doing what they can to repair the damage. They may fail, but it is the only method by which they can recover their self-respect.

"THERE is no such thing as a commercial blockade against Russia" declares the New York Times editorially. "The British government issues licenses to firms wanting to do business with Russians. In the same way our State Department has notified American export houses that they may engage in the Russian trade—at their own risk." The inference is that there are now no obstacles in the way of Russian trade except the lack of means of payment in Russia itself—an inference fortified by the caption, "Trade only a Blind." But on the financial page of the same issue of the Times we are informed that "the question of the ownership of Russian goods and gold landed in this country (England) has yet to be decided on by a test case; and until it is settled British traders are unlikely to engage in any important business with Russia." Plainly one has to accept the editorial opinions of the Times "at his own risk."

ON March 24th, the day that the Russian note was made public and also the first day of the German communist disorder, the front page of the New York Times was a curious sight. In a conspicuous "box," was a special cable, relayed from a despatch to the London Morning Post, describing a "sitting . . . in Moscow of the Military Revolutionary Council"—whatever that may be. This council passed resolutions raising the strength of the Red army to 4,000,000 men, increasing the number of cavalry divisions from fifteen to twenty-one, and preparing for the transfer of "half of the existing submarines" from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The Times headline summed up these plans as "Soviet Council Plans a Big Spring Offensive." No other New York paper carried this item. The Times is still seeing ghosts—or pretending to see them.

THOUGH the Soviet offer was refused, the attitude of Mr. Hughes' State Department was an improvement upon that of his predecessor. For one thing, an answer was made, more or less directly, to the Soviet authorities. For another, Mr. Hughes caused the Soviet offer to be made public promptly and in full. To realize how great an advance this is, we must go back to February 24th, 1920, when the Soviet government cabled to Washington a peace proposal, to the effect that it had "no intention whatever of interfering with the internal affairs of America," that it was "desirous of beginning without delay peace negotiations," and that it requested the United States government to inform the Soviets of "its wishes with respect to a place and time for peace negotiations." This offer the Democratic State Department refused to make public on the ground that it was only "propaganda."

THE red-blooded slogans of "Hang the Kaiser!" and "Make the Germans Pay!" rolled up a great majority for Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition in the 1918 general election. And now that rumors of another election are in the air, Mr. Lloyd George is hunting for a new slogan, a new trumpet loud and blaring enough to drown all thought in the electorate. He has almost found that slogan; he has discovered what bogey will most effectively frighten people into voting for him. The Bogey is the Labor party. "It calls itself Labor," says Mr. Lloyd George, "It is really Socialist . . . The military dangers which united the parties have disappeared, but greater, more insidious, more permanent dangers still confront us. The great peril is the rise to power of a new party with new purposes of the most subversive character." We do not think that in his serious moments Mr. George believes the Labor party to be an insidious danger to England, but a danger to his Coalition it certainly is, and for the Prime Minister the Coalition is evidently more important than England, or the world, or truth, or justice.

THE dispute between the packers and their employees has been temporarily settled by an armistice which is to run for five months. As a result of the conference held before Secretary Davis, both sides were forced to retreat from their position. The packers, who at the end of February cancelled the war time arbitration agreement, have agreed that

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the unquestioned ability and fairness of Judge Samuel Alschuler shall continue to administrate the agreement, on exactly the same terms as before, until September 15th, when it "absolutely terminates." The employees suffer a cut in wages of 15 per cent on work by the hour and 12½ per cent on piece rates. The basic eight-hour day and overtime rates as announced in the latest ruling by Judge Alschuler are restored. But the really difficult question, What are to be the relations between the packers and their employees when the arbitration agreement expires in September, remains to be answered.

IN New York we have a law that limits the voters in the direct primary to those who have registered their political party. The legislature of Kansas recently passed a bill drawn after this New York law; a bill that would effectively have barred independent voters from taking part in the Republican primaries. It would have strengthened the Republican machine. Fortunately Governor Allen, a Republican, had the courage to veto it.

IT is interesting and important to learn from the report of the American Association of University Professors on conditions in Washburn College, that Professor J. E. Kirkpatrick, who was summarily dismissed from Washburn College two years ago, was innocent of any act which could warrant the action taken by the trustees of the institution. It is also very significant to learn that one of the chief reasons for his dismissal was his effort to liberalize a peculiarly reactionary and stupid administration. But the most significant thing about the report is the fact that this committee of the Association has discovered that there is something more fundamentally wrong in our colleges and universities than the lack of academic freedom and irregular procedure in the dismissal of professors. It has discovered that an irresponsible system administered by an autocratic executive demands attention. Of course it was inevitable that the Professors' Association should come into conflict with the system and question the theory upon which it is based. Surely, now that the situation has so clearly come to light, the community will find a way to amend it. We do not believe that an American college community will remain helpless before an administration which has been so conclusively proved to be incompetent, autocratic, unreliable, treacherous and dishonest.

EUGENE DEBS left his Atlanta prison; he was allowed to go, without guard, and talk with the Attorney-General in Washington, and, still unguarded, he returned safely to Atlanta again. Why, asks the New York Times, should this "dangerous criminal" have been trusted in this way? Because Mr. Daugherty and Mr. Harding evidently do not consider him a "dangerous criminal." By trusting Debs to travel by himself they have wiped every trace of common criminality from him. To be sure, nice legal ground can be found for this procedure; while on trial, Debs had no attorney, but spoke in his own defense. Debs's attorney is the man Washington wishes to consult —and he happens to be the prisoner in person. At any rate, the incident gives us cause to hope that Debs will soon cease to be a prisoner at all.

WE critics of the world are painfully aware of noting in it, today, more of darkness than of light, and when at last we stumble upon real progress, we should be glad to publish the discovery. A bit of recent news reminds us of the inconspicuous trails that are slowly being blazed toward Utopia. In 1880, according to statistics of the State of Massachusetts, there were 40.2 persons for every bathtub in the city of Boston. Today the ratio is 4.4 to one. Even allowing for the possible coefficient of error due to the enumeration of bathtubs exhibited in plumbers' windows, these dry untenanted porcelains variously named "Elsmere," "Pallas," "Plaza" and "La Salle," these figures are encouraging. If such an increase is maintained, within five years there will be one bathtub for every inhabitant of Boston. And that, plus soap, would be Utopia indeed.

The New Russian Policy

WITH the reply of Secretary Hughes to the Soviet overtures the Russian policy of the United States assumes a change in direction. Under President Wilson we undertook to dictate to Russia on the management of her internal affairs. Under Harding and Hughes we still persist in our attempts at dictation. But the former policy occupied itself chiefly with political organization. The American government was concerned because the Soviet government did not represent the majority will of the Russian people. It was a dictatorship by a minority, and we had been crusading for democracy. Nothing but the violent overthrow of the Soviet government could have met our specifications. The present policy does not linger over such purely political considerations. Any form of government in Russia will apparently do—monarchy, oligarchy or democracy—provided that it meets three essential requirements. They are, "the safety of life, the recognition by firm guarantees

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of private property, the sanctity of contract and the rights of free labor." Formally we insist on these, not in a missionary spirit, but on the ground that without them there can be no production, and without production, no trade.

Yet the underlying missionary or propaganda motive stands out very clearly nevertheless. If what the administration is really concerned about were the alleged incompetency of the communistic system to produce goods to be exchanged, it would open the channels of trade and let all the world see that there was nothing to flow through them. The facts of experience would be more cogent than Mr. Hoover's theorizing and statistics—which would seem to be somewhat impressionistic, in view of the fact that Russian exports to England last year amounted to £34,000,000, according to figures published by the National City Bank. Mr. Hoover has declared that the Soviet proposal was animated by political rather than economic motives. That may be true. It is clearer, however, that the rejection of the proposal was animated by political, not economic motives.

And those political motives, considered in themselves, will seem to most Americans laudable. Safety of life: who would not wish that for Russia, and all the world? Life is, however, not absolutely assured anywhere; we have to be content with inferior degrees. It is a matter of drawing the line. Should we be content if life were as secure in Russia as in Ireland; or in America, with lynchings almost of daily occurrence, and crime waves that have taken all the news value out of homicide? Or do we demand that Russia just after revolution should be as safe and orderly as England? "The rights of free labor"—what does that include and exclude? If we take ourselves as the model state, there is no place for conscription of labor, except in times of public necessity, when we also enact Work or Fight laws. The requirement does not exclude peonage, as our own Congo testifies. It excludes the formal suppression of trade unions by government, except in public employments, but not by private associations of manufacturers. We presume that Mr. Hughes is not merely throwing a sop to labor in this requirement. Probably he has in mind something definite, and leaves the matter vague for good diplomatic reasons. There is not so much vagueness about "sanctity of contract" and "firm guarantees of private property." That appears to be the nub of our requirements. There is no reason why Mr. Hughes should not propagandize for the accepted economic system. He would not be in the cabinet dictating notes to Russia if the majority of his fellow citizens did not believe in that system.

But while the ends of the Hughes policy may be approved by the majority of Americans, it remains open for believers in majority rule to question the effectiveness of the means to those ends. Most Americans wish to see Russia develop toward moderation. In the attempt to foster moderation the policy of armed intervention was tried out and found wanting. The policy of blockade and political propaganda from foreign capitals also proved a failure. Mr. Hughes has revised the terms of the latter policy. He remains, however, committed to the theory that the Soviet government can be forced to mend its ways in response to pressure from abroad. But if all the world followed his lead, is there the least reason for supposing that the result would be any more favorable than that of the Colby policy? The communists are no more ready to abandon their communistic program in order to be permitted to trade than they were to give up their dictatorship. The two ideas hang together. And what hangs upon them, moreover, is the existence of every man who has been active in the communist party. There are only 600,000 of them, it may be said, in a population of over 100,000,000. Yes, but 600,000 persons, every one of whom may expect to be massacred if counter revolution prevails, is a tremendously potent political force. These 600,000 persons hold the offices and control the arms. They would be a force difficult to dislodge in any country, but in Russia, a vast world of illiterate and politically inert peasantry, the 600,000 devoted communists represent one of the most powerful political forces of the time. If it were possible for them to maintain absolute solidarity the chance of a change in Russian conditions would be slender. They have hitherto maintained a high degree of solidarity, but under the menace of foreign invasion and counter-revolutionary uprisings.

But no one supposes that 600,000 persons are one in heart, in Russia or elsewhere. There is an extreme left and an extreme right as well as a substantial central body in every party. And these divisions grow or diminish in authority and influence according to circumstances and the mere lapse of time. With a revolutionary body such as the Russian communists it is inevitable that external attack should strengthen the extreme left. Extraordinary commissions, differential bread rationing, conscription of labor were exactly what might have been expected when Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenitch and Wrangel were hammering from the outside and the hopes of counter-revolutionaries within were being awakened to action. Russian production no doubt suffered when experienced private

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owners were displaced by committees of workmen or representatives of the central dictatorship. The distribution of products was carried on less effectively by the bureaucracy than by the cooperative societies. But in time of danger to the revolution such purely economic considerations could bear little weight. The extremists could point to the menace of keeping bourgeois in positions of economic power to justify any action, however harsh and economically destructive.

War and blockade could have only one logical result, to strengthen the extremists within the Soviet government. Peace and free intercourse should logically have the converse result. This the New Republic has maintained consistently through the last two years. We have never seen a serious attempt to refute the argument. Those who have opposed peace and trade with the Soviet government have done so under the belief that the position of that government was hopelessly weak, and that by associating intervention and blockade with it they could force its overthrow. It was our judgment that the position of the Soviet government was strong; far stronger in fact than any alternative government that could be organized in Russia out of the available material. Therefore we conceived that the evolution of government in Russia was likely for a long time to run through the Soviet regime, not around it by way of revolution. Accepting these premises, the only sane policy for foreign governments to pursue we have conceived to be one of non-interference, direct or indirect. Only thus could the centre of gravity in the Soviet camp be made to shift toward the moderate side.

Russia now has peace; the Anglo-Russian trading agreement promises the reopening of intercourse with the countries which signify most for Russian economic development. And what is the result? The Soviet government has already made startling advances toward moderation. Lenin has published the view that the world revolution, on which the extremists in Russia based their hopes, is not coming off rapidly enough to serve as a premise of Russian policy. That means that the energies of Russian communism are to be devoted to the reconstruction of Russia, not to foreign propaganda. The right of the peasants to hold their lands, long ago tacitly recognized, is now supplemented by the right to sell the product of their lands, subject only to a tax in kind. The cooperative societies are restored in their right to do business within the national boundaries. Private operation of small manufacturing enterprises is to be permitted. Concessions are to be granted to foreign capital for the exploitation of natural resources. All these proposals, to be sure, were laid before the party congress, not the government. But no one needs to be assured that the communist party controls the Soviet government. And in the party congress Lenin was sustained by an overwhelming vote.

Americans who are convinced that efficient production is impossible without private initiative will observe that these departures from the rules of communism throw open fully nine-tenths of Russian economic life to private initiative. Russia remains a state governed by communists. That does not make it a communistic state. Whether a communistic state would or would not yield surplus products for export is then a purely academic question at this time. Russia is not a communistic state now and really never has been. Nationalizing the railways, the factories and merchandizing was not sufficient to make a communistic state out of a country more than four-fifths of whose population consists of peasants who refused to espouse communism but lived to themselves. Whether communism may be realized in the future, is a question we leave to those with prophetic gifts.

But is Lenin sincere in the abjuring of his principles? So far as we can discover, Lenin is nearly always sincere. He may speak fanatically, brutally, perhaps, but history will doubtless judge him as the most candid statesman of our time. That is, however, beside the point. Lenin does not say that he is abjuring his principles. He does not say that the communistic ideal is an illusion. In undertaking the difficult work of governing through communists a vast country which contains only a small minority of communists he makes concessions, but the minimum concessions necessary. And the point that ought to arrest the attention of both our conservatives and our radicals is that the concessions are so far reaching.

Still further concessions, we believe, will be forced upon the Soviet government once foreign trade is resumed in considerable volume. The cooperative societies will not long be content with the government's control of export and import trade. They will reach after control of factories, as they did in the past. Communistic operation will everywhere be subjected to criticism and will have to yield ground unless it can exhibit efficiency. Where it does exhibit efficiency it will gain ground, and why should it not? Who cares to dogmatize about the precise line that should be drawn between private initiative and collective activity?

The new British policy toward Russia works plainly in the direction of a more moderate regime. The new American policy does not. But the policy of the present administration represents nevertheless an advance over the bigotry of its predecessor.

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Part of its premises, at least, consist of assumptions as to facts that concern America. America refuses to trade partly because it assumes that there will be no goods to exchange. When it is discovered that this assumption is mistaken it will not be impossible for the administration to change its mind.

Labor in Relation to the American Ideal

SOME of the leading business men of the country have been recently serving up to their smaller colleagues a great deal of advice and example about the best way in which to deal with their employees. Most of it, we are sorry to say, has been unenlightened and mischievous. Instead of offering advice and setting an example which will promote the productive efficiency of labor and build a live and let live relationship between employer and employee in a background of mutual confidence, these business men have done for the most part precisely the opposite. Their advice has looked in the direction of utilizing for the exclusive benefit of the employing class the existing wave of business depression. It has tended to teach the American wage-earner the old deplorable lesson that the management of American business will find sound reasons for ignoring his interests and his wishes except in so far as he has the power to insist on their recognition.

During the period from 1915 to 1920 business was active, prices increasing, the demand for labor abundant and production on a large scale, almost regardless of cost, a matter of public necessity. It was inevitable under such circumstances that extravagance and waste should invade the labor processes of production just as they did the processes of management, of distribution and price-fixing. It was also inevitable and within limits desirable that when the reaction in business set in the employers should use their improved bargaining power to root out the waste in the labor process and to improve labor efficiency. But if they had been wise, they would, during this costly and difficult period of readjustment, have proved in every practicable way their solicitude for the welfare of the unemployed and used their ingenuity to convince labor of its interest in voluntarily increasing industrial prosperity and productivity. This they could have done by consulting with their employees about the methods of eliminating waste, by opening their books and explaining why a temporary reduction in wages might be desirable and what beneficial results it promised to bring about, by promising to restore wages as soon as conditions permitted and by scrupulously respecting and even encouraging any disposition on the part of their employees to organize, to develop representative institutions and to take an active interest in their relationship to their industry. But instead of using their recovered power with moderation and for constructive purposes, the leading employers of the country have in general committed the same old mistakes in the same old way. By their dictatorial methods they have once more associated in the minds of their employees productive efficiency with lower wages, with unemployment and with the usual disregard of the wage-earner's wishes and consent. What is worse they have seized upon prevalent unemployment and the comparative helplessness of labor to start an "open shop" campaign, the object of which is clearly to root organized labor out of the American industrial system.

Considering the popularity of this mischievous advice and example and the headway which the "open shop" campaign has obtained, we are glad to call attention to one important piece of testimony of a very different kind. Recently the Committee on Industrial Relations of the Merchants' Association of New York, composed of such men as Gerhard M. Dahl, Vice-President of the Chase National Bank, E. K. Hall, Vice-President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Walter C. Teagle, President of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and Owen D. Young, Vice-President and General Counsel of the General Electric Company, has issued a report which favors a policy of considerate adjustment with labor on the part of organized business. The report begins by pointing out the joker in the "open shop" campaign. The establishment or operation of an "open shop" should not, so the report says, "in any way affect the employees' right to join or not to join a labor union or any other organization seeking by lawful means to promote the interest of the industrial workers." Yet we all know that it actually operates to prevent the spread of unionism. The "open shop," as it exists in the plants of the Steel Corporation and elsewhere throughout the country, is a shop from which union organizers are excluded, in which an employee who joins a union is usually discharged and blacklisted and in which the management insinuates labor spies into its plant in order to discover whether or not there is any surreptitious tendency to unionization. The Committee of the Merchants' Association does well, consequently, to "deplore the disposition of some employers who are using the term 'open shop' to work towards a condition of the closed non-union shop by discrimination against union men."

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The Committee not only condemns the closed non-union shop of the Steel Corporation and its imitators, but it throws the weight of its influence in opposition to the economic objects which the "open shop" campaign is intended to bring about. They believe "it would be most unfortunate if the employers used their present advantage only to abuse it, merely to penalize labor for its misuse of power or to fortify themselves for another test of strength. Such a policy would mean a return to the methods which are largely responsible for present unsatisfactory conditions. Employers should utilize their present position to lay the foundations of permanent industrial stability." This passage is, considering the source from which it comes, remarkably candid. It frankly traces the "misuse of power" of which labor may have been guilty during the past few years to a previous misuse of power on the part of the mass of employers. By so doing it inferentially fastens on the employers the primary responsibility for the grievances and unrest of the wage-earners, for their consequent indifference to productive efficiency and for the ensuing industrial conflict and misunderstanding. To the same extent it puts up to them the task of devising changes in the existing methods of dealing with their employees which will diminish the waste, friction, discontent and frustration.

No doubt there are many enlightened and public spirited business men who would fully agree with this report of the Committee on Industrial Relations of the Merchants' Association. It is probably only a minority of American industrial leaders who cordially approve of the "open shop" campaign and believe in its absurd and dangerous attempt to impute sole responsibility for industrial unrest and inefficiency to organized labor. But this minority is aggressive, energetic, vocal and self-confident. It controls most of the associations of business men throughout the country. During the big labor disputes of 1919 it determined the policy of the Coal Operators and the Steel Corporation. At the first national industrial conference of that year it dictated the attitude of the employers' representatives and prevented the adoption of any program of adjustment. At the present time it proposes to use the economic power which the business depression has placed in the hands of the employing class to compromise the wage-earners' standard of living, to take away his slender margin of security, to break his independence of spirit, and to confuse in his mind productive efficiency with economic exploitation.

It is of the utmost importance, consequently, that the business men who share the enlightened and statesmanlike opinions of the Industrial Relations Committee of the Merchants' Association should get together for the purpose of giving more carrying power to their convictions. Unless they take some effective steps to resist the aggressive class warfare which is being waged by their business associates, they will suffer in the end from the usual fate of neutrals and non-combatants. They will be forced to bear the burden of a conflict in which they do not believe and which if their spirit could prevail might well be avoided. For warfare it is coming to be. The "open shop" campaigners are far more successful promoters of irreconcilable class conflict than are the labor unionists, the socialists or the communists. By identifying their class propaganda and their policy of class exploitation with "Americanism," they are slowly teaching the wage-earners to envisage America, not as a Promised Land for the dispossessed worker, but as a land whose institutions and rulers are pledged to prevent the building up of a body of prosperous, contented, independent, public-spirited and alert wage-earning citizens.

Many good American citizens are unfortunately allowing the early vision of America as a land which guaranteed to the unpropertied worker a favorable opportunity in life to drop out of their minds. They are so obsessed by the dangers of subversive agitators that Americanism has come to mean in their minds merely the forcible suppression of what they take to be anti-Americanism. The leaflets, circulated by the Committee on American Ideals of the United States Chambers of Commerce, for instance, are concerned chiefly with the plots of communists and I. W. W's and with suggestions for police protection and espionage. No one could guess from their contents that the spokesmen for America had once included among American ideals the vision of their country as a land in which a worker could obtain independence and security as the reward of his work, in which popular discontent was taken as an evidence of genuine grievances rather than malicious agitation and in which society was based on a feeling of mutual confidence and toleration. No doubt it is easy and tempting to exaggerate the importance of this kind of alarmist propaganda. Justice Holmes's dictum that the best way of curing the effervescence of a bottle of champagne is to uncork it and let it go flat, applies to patrioteers as well as to communists. But unfortunately the kind of Americanism which is converting the Promised Land into a country which defends its integrity with an army of policemen and spies does not merely express itself in words. It controls the labor policy of great industries and great associations of employers. It influences the decisions of the courts.

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legislatures and political parties. It is often fierce and powerful enough to reduce its opponents to silence and to obtain its way, not as the result of free discussion and honest experiment, but of terror. It poisons the minds of its victims as well as of its advocates. If it is to be defeated and discredited without violence, the task will have to be undertaken by people, belonging to the same class as its advocates—men who understand its fallacies and who still cherish the vision of America as a Promised Land for human beings whose property consists chiefly of their willingness and their ability to work.

To Reaction, Puffed with Pride

WAS it just superstition that impelled the Hebrew sage to inscribe the principle: pride goeth before a fall? Was it superstition that imprinted upon the souls of the Greeks the indelible conviction that the man who yielded to overweening pride was flinging a challenge to the angry gods which sooner or later would be accepted, with fire and flood and the heavy trampling of armies? Or was it the cumulation of ages of experience that warned men that victory is a trust, not a private possession to be used or abused at will, a trust for which an accounting will be demanded, sooner or later? In our own time we have seen enough of the consequences of victorious pride to make us reflect deeply upon them, if the swift torrent of events had not robbed us of the habit of reflection. There was Bulgaria, after the first Balkan war, swelled with pride over the Turkish army, broken and skulking behind the Tchataldja lines. She thought she could dictate how the spoils should be distributed, but within a few weeks she lay, bound and helpless, her former enemies and former friends alike tearing at her living flesh. Then there was the man who stood up in shining armor, challenging the lightning with his drawn sword, who now crawls over the Dutch landscape in semi-darkness of soul and mind, the most insignificant and unimpressive of God's creatures, after the most flashing career. The old law is not yet abrogated, that the pride of victory that flames too high draws the tempest upon itself.

This is a consideration we would recommend to the attention of whatever statesmanship there may be among the ultra-conservatives who now exercise over America rule as unbounded as the rule of the Allied Powers over conquered Germany. In the national and state governments, in industry and in finance, there is at present no party or faction powerful enough to oppose the will of the reaction. The power is theirs. How are they using it, and planning to use it? Let us see.

In national affairs the issue of overshadowing importance is the carrying of the war debt. Who shall bear this galling burden, the few or the many, the rich or the poor, those who built up great new fortunes out of the profits of war or those whose prospects in life were visibly darkened by it? There is no uncertainty about what the political group now dominant proposes to do. It is proposed to abolish the excess profits tax, which by its very nature passes by those individuals and those businesses whose condition is as mediocre as the common lot and rests its weight upon those who may properly be numbered among the lucky few. It is proposed to reduce the surtaxes upon very large incomes but to retain the rates that rest heavily upon those who with difficulty emerge into the tax-paying class. These changes could indeed be effected without exhibiting class bias if it were proposed to substitute other taxes on wealth for those that are to be abolished or abated. It would be possible, for example, to make up for any loss of revenue sustained through reduced surtaxes by the levy of heavily progressive inheritance taxes. Nothing of the kind is proposed, but, instead, consumption taxes of wide incidence, either sales taxes, which would increase the cost of everything anyone buys, or customs duties having the same effect but more productive of private profits than of public revenue.

As the ancients used to say, you can identify Hercules from one foot, sticking out from under the lionskin coverlet. In the revenue policy of the reaction at Washington we have seen the naked foot, vast, deformed, crushing. Let us not wait around to pluck at such details as disarmament through the building of a vaster and immensely more expensive navy, to fatten the armament makers and purveyors of supplies; the administration of our remainder of national domain by a Secretary of the Interior hand in glove with those who yearn to loot it; the probable appointments to the four seats in the Supreme Court that will have to be filled in the course of the present administration. We may as well make off while Hercules snores.

Let us pause for a moment with the government of the state of New York, as that government is fairly typical. The bill for the reorganization of the State Industrial Commission has been pressed through and signed, and whatever safeguards there were in state legislation for the standards of employment have been seriously weakened. The Welfare bills, for which so many of our most public spirited citizens have labored incessantly for years, have been accorded a hearing, but a hearing

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more perfunctory and contemptuous than would be accorded to a bill for increasing the fees of the dog catchers. The controversy between New York and the transit interests is being settled with ruthless disregard of the wishes of New York City, and to the satisfaction of the transit interests. The building industry inquiry was hamstrung, just as it began to show signs of getting beyond the realm of insignificant personalities to the great financial and economic forces that have worked so effectively to produce a dangerous and shameful state of congestion in all our greater cities.

But it is outside of the field of politics that reaction struts most exultingly. The railways are bent on working back to pre-war wages and hours of labor while retaining war freight and passenger rates. Employers' associations are conducting above board and under the table, an "open shop" campaign which involves nothing less than the destruction of the unions. In wider and wider circles a form of employment contract finds favor which forces laborers to agree to withdraw from unions and to refrain from joining a union while retaining employment. Where such contracts have been put in force the whole power of the courts is available to the employer to prevent even the most peaceable and reasonable unionizing effort. Extirpation of all unions and the restoration of the primitive system by which the isolated worker was at the mercy of the employer is the obvious goal of much of this reactionary activity.

And to complete the picture we may include the attack on the Nonpartisan League. Under the control of the League, North Dakota had established a state bank, a farm and building loan system, it had acquired a few grain elevators and was planning eventually to play a considerable part in the milling industry. Most of these functions are recognized as state functions under governments not less staunchly conservative than our own. There is always a question whether such services will be administered as well under public as under private operation. It would have been worth while to wait and see what would happen in North Dakota. But that the reaction would not do. By every device of propaganda and by financial and political obstruction it has sought to compel the abandonment of the North Dakota experiment before it could exhibit definite results, favorable or unfavorable.

Victory is mine, saith the reactionary. So it is, for the present. America was conquered, or let herself be conquered; shall not the victors take their spoils? Shall they not, in their exultant pride, do what they will with their own? We are not denying their power nor disputing their right. But if the reactionaries had a prophet he might discern on the horizon clouds bigger than a man's hand.

Is it unknown to the reactionaries that there exists throughout the better part of agricultural America a condition of acute economic distress, ready to flare up at any time into active political discontent? Then they might do well to examine the measured and decisive comments of President Harding's new Secretary of Agriculture, a man certainly not selected for office because of his alarmist and radical views. Is it forgotten by the reactionaries that every serious political revolt in America has rooted in agricultural discontent? Greenbackism, populism, free silver, Progressivism —whence did those political movements acquire their potency? True, they were all beaten back; they lacked urban support. But now, what do the reactionaries conceive to be the spirit of the industrial labor they are so deliberately and triumphantly de-unionizing? What do they conceive to be the spirit of the millions of men whom they are redisciplining for autocratic economic institutions through unemployment?

Why should we trouble ourselves about that, the reactionaries may ask. We are on top. We are united. We are conscious of our aims. The opposition is down; it is divided; its objectives are vague and contradictory. Industrial labor and the farmers are suspicious of each other; within the camp of labor itself there is division between conservatives and radicals, between native born and the immigrants, between white and Negro. And that is indeed true. The divisions among the vanquished are so numerous and so grave that there is only one force capable of producing unity. That is the pride of the victors, intolerable to man and to fate itself.

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The Crime Wave in America

THE so-called "crime waves" recently reported from all over the United States represent the natural consequence of war. For some years after the close of the Thirty Years' War in 1648, Europe was terrorized by outbreaks of crime. Similarly after 1815 England and the Continent experienced grave difficulties in this direction—difficulties which finally led to the passage of the Metropolitan Police act in England in 1829 and to the reorganization of the municipal police throughout France. The close of our own Civil War brought a tremendous increase in the volume of crime, and one who glances over the old files of the newspapers in Boston, New York and Philadelphia during the period from 1866 to 1869, will see expressions of outraged public opinion strikingly similar to the newspaper comments of today.

The present "crime wave," therefore, is by no means confined to the United States. It is world wide. The police statistics of London, Paris, Berlin, and Madrid, all show an unprecedented volume of crime since 1918, and similar conditions are reported from far-away places like Japan, Australia, and New Zealand. In London, for the first time in the history of the Metropolitan Force, the police have been armed with pistols because of the increase in crimes committed with violence. In Paris the police force has been greatly augmented and special administrative machinery has been set up to deal with the phenomenon. Germany, whose crime rate before 1914 was among the lowest in Europe, is today racked with disorder, and special arrangements have had to be made to deal with the unprecedented number of juvenile delinquencies and of crimes committed with violence.

Of all the countries afflicted with this inevitable post-war disease, the United States is probably in the most serious position. In normal times our crime rate greatly exceeds that of European countries. Indeed in the average American city there are, under ordinary circumstances, from seven to ten times more crimes of a serious nature committed each year than are committed during the same period in English, French and German municipalities of similar size. These crimes include homicide, burglary, robbery, assault, and other felonies. New York City frequently has more burglaries in a given year than all England and Wales put together. Chicago in 1918 had twelve robberies for every one robbery in England, Wales and Scotland. In other words, in ordinary times, life and property are far less safe in the United States than they are in most other countries—certainly in the countries of western Europe. In abnormal times, such as we are living in at present, these conditions become exaggerated; crime seems to beget crime, and the volume increases in geometric proportion. Paris with all its added thefts since 1918 can find no parallel to the startling series of hold-ups which New York has furnished in the last three months, while Chicago with its record of a murder a day leaves London gasping far in the rear.

Why should this difference exist? Why should crime be rampant in America, so that a period of abnormality like this sends our statistics to heights undreamed of in European countries? An easy answer is that ours is a *new* country where individualism has not yet learned to subordinate itself to social obligations, and frontier habits of thought still prevail. But if this were true Australia and New Zealand would be similarly circumstanced, and yet these countries have scarcely one-fifth of the crime per hundred thousand of population that we have. Obviously this reason cannot be seriously pressed. Another theory advanced is the heterogeneity of our population as compared with the homogeneity of most European countries and of such dominions as New Zealand and Australia. Here we are undoubtedly on firmer ground. Homogeneity simplifies the task of government. It tends to develop traditions of order and standards of public conduct. Out of it grow accepted customs and practices which smooth the rough edges of personal contact, and a fixed set of group habits by which conflicting interests are more readily comprehended and adjusted.

This sort of thing is impossible in America. We have none of the social solidarity and cohesiveness which come only from a common language and a common heritage. A settled habit of order, handed down as a tradition from one generation to another, is utterly lacking. We are a heterogeneous mixture of races, sprung from radically different environments. When the official census proclamation of 1920 was issued in New York City it had to be printed in twenty-two languages.

This lack of standards which heterogeneity induces is shown in many ways. For example, the streets and parks of American cities are invariably dirtier than the streets and parks of cities like Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London. New York's Central Park on a Monday morning in summer is littered with the debris of the crowds that have

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swarmed there the day before. Newspapers, boxes, banana skins, and other evidences of a reading and picnicking public are scattered far and wide. The same thing is true in Jackson Park, Chicago, and in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. On the other hand, 100,000 people bring their lunches to the Gruenwald near Berlin every pleasant Sunday and leave it as clean and clear of rubbish as when they entered. In Vienna the Prater is constantly thronged with holiday crowds from the city, but it is as spotless as if it had just been picked up. Vandalism is practically unknown. Conditions largely similar prevail in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris, and in the picknicking stretches along the Thames. While not as immaculate as the public grounds of Germany and Austria, they are nevertheless kept in a far cleaner condition by the throngs that use them than are similar places of recreation in this country. Order is a group habit. Respect for law and for the amenities of social intercourse is in no small degree governed by tradition and custom.

But our heterogeneity is not the whole reason for our greater comparative propensity to crime. A more immediate cause is to be found in the complete breakdown of the administration of criminal law in the United States. On this point there can be little question. A parasitic growth of technicality and intricacy has thwarted and choked our whole criminal process, while the delay and uncertainty of punishment and the vicious grip of politics easily justify Mr. Taft's sweeping verdict: "a disgrace to our civilization." On this point Mr. Maclay Hoyne, former State's Attorney for Cook County, Illinois, has recently given eloquent testimony. He lists the following cases in which under his administration the prosecution was defeated: a chief of police, an indicted alderman, a political crook, a plain murderer, a well-known man indicted for arson, a gangster killer, a wife slayer, an anti-trust conspiracy case, and many others. "In all of these cases except one," he goes on to say, "money, influence or influential connections overcame all of the efforts of the state."

"The wonder now is not that so many guilty men escape," said a prominent member of the Philadelphia Bar, "but that under our present system any guilty men are ever convicted. Where they have money enough to employ the most able counsel and to take advantage of every delay and technicality available, they practically never are convicted."

In the wide-spread panic engendered by the present crime wave many of our state legislators have cudgelled their brains for an effective remedy. In not a few cases the remedy proposed has been an increase in the maximum sentences of convicted felons. Suggestions have been made to raise burglary and robbery to forty and fifty years instead of fifteen and twenty, and proposals have been brought forward that are even more drastic. The futility of such a course is obvious. Certainty of punishment rather than the severity of it is the cure for crime. It is far better to make a fifteen-year sentence swift and sure than to have a forty-year penalty spasmodically inflicted. Juries will be less inclined to bring in verdicts of guilty where savage penalties are to be imposed than they would be if the penalties were in rational proportion to the offenses. To revert to an eighteenth century conception of crime and punishment is to get nowhere with the disease with which we are now afflicted. The cure is not found in harsh penalties; it involves nothing less than the regeneration of our whole system of administering justice.

But in looking about for the causes which have brought us to our present state, one factor stands out perhaps more prominently than any other: the inadequacy and demoralization of our police machinery. The whole situation can be summed up in the word *politics*. There is scarcely a city in the United States where the police department has not been used as the ladder by which political organizations have crawled to power. Obstacles in the way of complete dominance by party machines have been overcome by the easy processes of law, and police departments have been revamped and reshaped, not in the interests of public service, but to facilitate the operation of the spoils system or strengthen the grip of some political machine. Examples of this are legion; no state in the country has been free of it. The struggle for party dominance; the desire of "jobs" for the faithful, the determination to control the machinery of elections —this is the story of our police service in the last seventy-five years. It has been stunted and dwarfed, with no opportunity for the development of an effective technique. It has been shaped as a tool of party success rather than an instrument of public service. Regarded as the legitimate spoils of victory at the polls, it has been prostituted to base and selfish purposes.

From such a government service with such a history what can we expect? We have sown the seed in apathy and corruption, and now when the crime epidemic comes we reap the whirlwind.

This is why the post-war disease of crime has not ravaged the countries of Europe as it has the United States. They were prepared for it. In England, France, and even in Germany the mechanism of the police department is the product not of political expediency but of painstaking care

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and deliberation. It has been thoughtfully put together as an instrument of vast public usefulness. The best brains obtainable have been devoted to the task. When the growing needs of the department have indicated the necessity for change, it has been brought about carefully and conscientiously, with the single idea of producing a better machine. As a result we find such admirably articulated organizations as Scotland Yard in London, and the Præsidium in Vienna, with years of efficient police service to their credit. No tinkering patchwork has checked their development; no sacrifice to political necessity has interfered with the orderly operation of their administrative machinery. Planned deliberately on a basis of efficiency, the product of unselfish ideals of public service, they have run for years without hitch or breakdown.

A group of well-intentioned gentlemen has recently suggested that a World's Exposition of Democracy be held in the United States in 1926 to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. The Exposition would be limited to nations with a "democratic" form of government, and they would be invited to exhibit in some concrete and dramatic fashion their governmental machinery. It is further proposed that suitable medals and prizes be awarded.

What would the United States exhibit in such an Exposition? Of course there would be Mayor Hylan, Mayor Thompson, and the scores of similarly-minded gentlemen who administer the affairs of many American communities. Perhaps they could best be represented by wax figures. Then, too, there would be all the antiquated junk which constitutes much of the machinery of our municipal governments. A few samples from Pittsburgh or Atlanta would be highly illuminating.

I suppose too—if the exhibit were really to be representative of conditions in America—we should have to show our hopeless confusion of politics and administration, as a result of which we identify the policy-determining functions of government controlled in a democracy by popular will, with the technical business procedure by which the policies are put into effect. This could be illustrated by graphic charts showing how we put a periodically shifting line of untrained managers to run such complicated departments of our public work as police, health, and public institutions. Perhaps this could be made vivid by exhibiting the photographs of the laundryman who was head of the police force in San Francisco; of the hay and feed merchant who served Chicago in a similar capacity; of the harness-maker who was commissioner of health in Elgin, Illinois; of the horse-shoer who was commissioner of streets and bridges in Houston, Texas; of the ice-man who was chief of police in San Antonio; of the groceryman who was commissioner of streets in Kansas City, Kansas; of the typesetter who was commissioner of finance in Lynn, Massachusetts; of the barber who was commissioner of public utilities in Topeka, Kansas; of the house-mover who was commissioner of parks and sanitation in the same city; of the undertaker who was commissioner of health in Jersey City and of the traveling man for a tea and coffee house who served Salt Lake City as chief of police.

We should have to find some way, too, in this Exposition, of portraying the political fears and superstitions which we have inherited from frontier conditions of life, and our determined prejudices against an "office-holding class" which have been handed down as part of the Jacksonian fetish, and which, by limiting tenure of office and writing into the laws all sorts of provincialisms, make it impossible to place the administrative service of the specialized departments of government on a permanent expert basis. This could be illustrated perhaps by charts showing that whereas London has had seven police commissioners in ninety-one years, New York has had twelve in nineteen years, while Chicago has had twenty-five superintendents of police in forty-nine years. Charts could be used, too, to show that where London kept Sir Edward Henry as commissoner of police for fifteen years, Sir Richard Mayne for thirty-nine years, and Sir Edmund Henderson for seventeen years, we kept Arthur Woods in New York a little over three years, while L. T. Steward in Chicago lasted two.

As a matter of fact our exhibit in such a World's Exposition of Democracy would undoubtedly show the United States on a lower plane in point of local government than any other civilized country in the world, ranking far behind England, France, Germany, and Austria, and in many respects behind Italy and Spain. This would be our contribution to the Exposition of Democracy at the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

President Harding in his inaugural address spoke of our American representative government as the highest expression and surest guarantee of civilization, and pictured the world as riveting its gaze "on the great truths on which the founders wrought." He said: "In the beginning the Old World scoffed at our experiment. Today our foundations of political belief stand unshaken, a precious inheritance to ourselves, an inspiring example of freedom and civilization to all mankind."

Mingled with the applause which followed the recital of these lofty words was another sound. It was the gods on Olympus in a paroxysm of mirth.

RAYMOND B. FOSDICK.

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Queen Victoria

II

The Girlhood of Victoria

[The Duke of Kent, Victoria's father, is dead, and the Duchess is living with her children in Kensington Palace.]

IN 1827, the Duke of York, who had found some consolation for the loss of his wife in the sympathy of the Duchess of Rutland, died, leaving behind him the unfinished immensity of Stafford House and £200,000 worth of debts. Three years later George IV also disappeared, and the Duke of Clarence reigned in his stead. The new Queen, it was now clear, would in all probability never again be a mother; the Princess Victoria, therefore, was recognized by Parliament as heir presumptive; and the Duchess of Kent, whose annuity had been doubled five years previously, was now given an additional £10,000 for the maintenance of the Princess, and was appointed Regent, in case of the death of the King before the majority of her daughter. At the same time a great convulsion took place in the constitution of the state. The power of the Tories, who had dominated England for more than forty years, suddenly began to crumble. In the tremendous struggle that followed, it seemed for a moment as if the tradition of generations might be snapped, as if the blind tenacity of the reactionaries and the determined fury of their enemies could have no other issue than revolution. But the forces of compromise triumphed: the Reform bill was passed. The centre of gravity in the constitution was shifted towards the middle classes; the Whigs came into power; and the complexion of the government assumed a liberal tinge. One of the results of this new state of affairs was a change in the position of the Duchess of Kent and her daughter. From being the protégées of an opposition clique, they became assets of the official majority of the nation. The Princess Victoria was henceforward the living symbol of the victory of the middle classes. . . .

The Duchess's own liberalism was not very profound. She followed naturally in the footsteps of her husband, repeating with conviction the catchwords of her husband's clever friends and the generalizations of her clever brother Leopold. She herself had no pretensions to cleverness; she did not understand very much about the Poor law and the slave trade and political economy; but she hoped that she did her duty; and she hoped—she ardently hoped—that the same might be said of Victoria. Her educational conceptions were those of Dr. Arnold, whose views were just then beginning to permeate society. Dr. Arnold's object was, first and foremost, to make his pupils "in the highest and truest sense of the words, Christian gentlemen"; intellectual refinements might follow. The Duchess felt convinced that it was her supreme duty in life to make quite sure that her daughter should grow up into a Christian Queen. To this task she bent all her energies; and, as the child developed, she flattered herself that her efforts were not unsuccessful. When the Princess was eleven, she desired the Bishops of London and Lincoln to submit her daughter to an examination, and report upon the progress that had been made. "I feel the time to be now come," the Duchess explained, in a letter obviously drawn up by her own hand, "that what has been done should be put to some test, that if anything has been done in error of judgment it may be corrected, and that the plan for the future should be open to consideration and revision. . . . I attend almost always myself every lesson, or a part; and as the Lady about the Princess is a competent person, she assists Her in preparing Her lessons, for the various masters, as I resolved to act in that manner so as to be Her governess myself . . . When she was at a proper age she commenced attending Divine Service regularly with me, and I have every feeling that she has religion at Her heart, that she is morally impressed with it to that degree, that she is less liable to error by its application to her feelings as a Child capable of reflection." "The general bent of Her character," added the Duchess, "is strength of intellect, capable of receiving with ease, information, and with a peculiar readiness in coming to a very just and benignant decision on any point Her opinion is asked on. Her adherence to truth is of so marked a character that I feel no apprehension of that Bulwark being broken down by any circumstances." The Bishops attended at the Palace, and the result of their examination was all that could be wished. "In answering a great variety of questions proposed to her," they reported, "the Princess displayed an accurate knowledge of the most important features of Scripture History, and of the leading truths and precepts of the Christian Religion as taught by the Church of England, as well as an acquaintance with the Chronology and principal facts of English History remarkable in so young a person. To questions in Geography, the use of the Globes, Arithmetic, and Latin Grammar, the answers which the Princess returned were equally satisfactory." They did not believe that

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the Duchess's plan of education was susceptible of any improvement; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was also consulted, came to the same gratifying conclusion.

One important step, however, remained to be taken. So far, as the Duchess explained to the Bishops, the Princess had been kept in ignorance of the station that she was likely to fill. "She is aware of its duties, and that a Sovereign should live for others; so that when Her innocent mind receives the impression of Her future fate, she receives it with a mind formed to be sensible of what is expected from Her, and it is to be hoped she will be too well grounded in Her principles to be dazzled with the station she is to look to." In the following year, it was decided that she should be enlightened on this point. The well-known scene followed:—the history lesson, the genealogical table of the Kings of England slipped beforehand by the governess into the book, the Princess's surprise, her inquiries, her final realization of the facts. When the child at last understood, she was silent for a moment, and then she spoke, "I will be good," she said. The words were something more than a conventional protestation, something more than the expression of a superimposed desire; they were, in their limitation and their intensity, their egotism and their humility, an instinctive summary of the dominating qualities of a life. "I cried much on learning it," Her Majesty noted long afterwards. No doubt, while the others were present, even her dear Lehzen,* the little girl kept up her self-command; and then crept away somewhere to ease her heart of an inward unfamiliar agitation, with a handkerchief, out of her mother's sight.

But her mother's sight was by no means an easy thing to escape. Morning and evening, day and night, there was no relaxation of the maternal vigilance. The child grew into the girl, the girl into the young woman; but still she slept in her mother's bedroom; still she had no place allowed her where she might sit or work by herself. An extraordinary watchfulness surrounded her every step: up to the day of her accession, she never went downstairs without someone beside her holding her hand. Plainness and regularity ruled the household. The hours, the days, the years, passed slowly and methodically by. The dolls—the innumerable dolls, each one so neatly dressed, each one with its name so punctiliously entered in the catalogue—were laid aside, and a little music and a little dancing took their place. Taglioni came, to give grace and dignity to the figure, and Lablache, to train the piping treble upon his own rich bass. The Dean of Chester, the official Preceptor, continued his endless instruction in Scripture History, while the Duchess of Northumberland, the official governess, presided over every lesson with becoming solemnity. Without doubt, the Princess's main achievement during her schooldays was linguistic. German was naturally the first language with which she was familiar; but English and French quickly followed; and she became virtually trilingual, though her mastery of English grammar remained incomplete. At the same time, she acquired a working knowledge of Italian, and some smattering of Latin. Nevertheless she did not read very much. It was not an occupation that she cared for; partly, perhaps, because the books that were given her were all either sermons, which were very dull, or poetry, which was incomprehensible. Novels were strictly forbidden. Lord Durham persuaded her mother to get her some of Miss Martineau's tales, illustrating the truths of political economy, and they delighted her; but it is to be feared that it was the unaccustomed pleasure of the story that filled her mind, and that she never really mastered the theory of exchanges or the nature of rent.

It was her misfortune that the mental atmosphere which surrounded her during these years of adolescence was almost entirely feminine. No father, no brother was there, to break in upon the gentle monotony of the daily round with impetuosity, with rudeness, with careless laughter and wafts of freedom from the outside world. The Princess was never called by a voice that was loud and growling; never felt, as a matter of course, a hard rough cheek on her own soft one; never climbed a wall with a boy. The visits to Claremont—delicious little escapes into male society—came to an end when she was eleven years old and Prince Leopold left England to be King of the Belgians. She loved him still; he was still "il mio secondo padre—or rather solo padre, for he is indeed like my real father, as I have none"; but his fatherliness now came to her dimly and indirectly, through the cold channel of correspondence. Henceforward female duty, female elegance, female enthusiasm, hemmed her completely in; and her spirit, amid the enclosing folds, was hardly reached by those two great influences, without which no growing life can truly prosper—humor and imagination. The Baroness Lehzen—for she had been raised to that rank in the Hanoverian nobility by George IV before he died—was the real centre of the Princess's world. When Feodora* married, when Uncle Leopold went to Belgium, the Baroness was

* Victoria's governess.

* Victoria's half-sister.

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left without a competitor. The Princess gave her mother her dutiful sentiments; but Lehzen had her heart. The voluble, shrewd daughter of the pastor in Hanover lavishing her devotion on her royal charge, had reaped her reward in an unbounded confidence and a passionate adoration. The girl would have gone through fire for her "*precious* Lehzen," the "best and truest friend," she declared, that she had had since her birth. Her Journal, begun when she was thirteen, where she registered day by day the small succession of her doings and her sentiments, bears on every page of it the traces of the Baroness and her circumambient influence. The young creature that one sees there, self-depicted in ingenuous clarity, with her sincerity, her simplicity, her quick affection and pious resolutions, might almost have been the daughter of a German pastor herself. Her enjoyments, her admirations, her engouements were of the kind that clothed themselves naturally in underlinings and exclamation marks. "It was a *delightful* ride. We cantered a good deal. *Sweet little Rosey* went beautifully!! We came home at a ¼ past 1 . . . . At 20 minutes to 7 we went out to the Opera. . . . Rubini came on and sang a song out of Anna Boulena *quite beautifully*. We came home at ½ past 11." In her comments on her readings, the mind of the Baroness is clearly revealed. One day, by some mistake, she was allowed to take up a volume of memoirs by Fanny Kemble. "It is certainly very pertly and oddly written. One would imagine by the style that the authoress must be very pert, and not well bred; for there are so many vulgar expressions in it. It is a great pity that a person endowed with so much talent, as Mrs. Butler really is, should turn it to so little account and publish a book which is so full of trash and nonsense which can only do her harm. I stayed up till 20 minutes past 9." Madame de Sévigné's letters, which the Baroness read aloud, met with more approval. "How truly elegant and natural her style is! It is so full of naiveté, cleverness, and grace." But her highest admiration was reserved for the Bishop of Chester's Exposition of the Gospel of St. Matthew. "It is a very fine book indeed. Just the sort of one I like; which is just plain and comprehensible and full of truth and good feeling. It is not one of those learned books in which you have to cavil at almost every paragraph. Lehzen gave it me on the Sunday that I took the Sacrament." A few weeks previously, she had been confirmed, and she described the event as follows:—"I felt that my confirmation was one of the most solemn and important events and acts in my life; and that I trusted that it might have a salutary effect on my mind. I felt deeply repentant for all what I had done which was wrong and trusted in God Almighty to strengthen my heart and mind; and to forsake all that is bad and follow all that is virtuous and right. I went with the firm determination to become a true Christian, to try and comfort my dear Mamma in all her griefs, trials, and anxieties, and to become a dutiful and affectionate daughter to her. Also to be obedient to *dear* Lehzen who has done so much for me. I was dressed in a white lace dress, with a white crepe bonnet with a wreath of white roses, round it. I went in the chariot with my dear Mamma and the others followed in another carriage." One seems to hold in one's hand a small smooth crystal pebble, without a flaw and without a scintillation, and so transparent that one can see through it at a glance.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

(*To be continued.*)

Fulfillment

WIRTH'S (locally pronounced Worth's) is an inn and summer dining place at the water's edge, an hour by trolley from the city. It is pleasant there, of soft summer evenings, when the stars twinkle out in the eastern sky and the white sails of belated yachts zigzag over the profound black waters, like the moths over the spreading lawn. The mists above the city in the distance transform the white and yellow lights of the streets into a miracle of pinks and purples, with occasional touches of dimmed crimson. It is a quiet place, though the diners may number hundreds, and are of the variety of city folk that usually represent noise, wherever they go; and Wirth's is an oasis where the dry law is honored only in the breach. Perhaps it is the wonder of the lapping waters below or of the halo of soft colors above the city; perhaps it is the occasional golden note of the Italian singers in the balcony above the veranda; whatever it may be, it casts a spell upon the strident spirit of the summer diners. Anyway, it is uncommonly quiet and pleasant there, in summer.

But I went there last in winter, when the sky and water were dreary, the veranda a wind-swept waste and the glazed room behind it a storehouse of folding chairs and tables. In winter there are no hired cooks and waiters at Wirth's; Mrs. Wirth and her son look after the needs of the chance guest. Mrs. Wirth is vast, quadruple chinned, with a purple bloom on her hanging cheeks where the veins show through, and her son is made to match.

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I ordered my dinner and waited. Presently Mrs. Wirth issued from the kitchen and moved toward me over the creaking floor. She nodded, drew up a spacious arm chair and seated herself.

"It ain't a very nice day," she began. "But I always seem to feel better, and kind of sad, too, about this time of year. Around Lincoln's birthday. D'you know I once knew Lincoln himself?"

"You did?" I exclaimed, with a due show of astonishment. This was just what I was after, though.

"Well, it was this way. After the Battle of Bull Run we was all mighty worried; looked like the Rebels might win after all. Everybody wanted to see more volunteers come forward, and all of us girls went around and wheedled and teased every young man who could carry a gun; we made a lot of them volunteer, when they didn't want to. I was sixteen then, and you mightn't think it, but I was mighty popular with the boys. I was what they'd call a peach nowadays."

I glanced at her elephantine mass and obese face. She smiled, a bit pathetically with her eyes. Mine dropped; it wasn't fair to drag in the present.

"Yes, I made a good many boys volunteer. Our village raised a company, and it was only a little village, too. We got praised in the papers for it, even in Washington. Our boys drilled and drilled, and then orders came for them to go to Washington to join a regiment that had nearly been wiped out at Bull Run. They were just to wait for their uniforms and accoutrements. And so one day there came a load of big boxes from the War Department, and we all went down to see them opened. There was a box of caps and another of knapsacks, there was boxes of blankets and blouses and shoes and leggins, but there wasn't no pants. Never a pair.

"We tried to persuade the boys to take what they had; they'd be mostly uniformed if they did have to wear their civilian pants. But no, they said they wouldn't march down the streets of Washington looking like fools, with everybody laughing at them. This was Monday, and they had to be there by Friday. And so I went to Mr. Henshaw—he was our richest man, but he was a copperhead and didn't believe in the war—and I made him give me a hundred dollars. He made me kiss him for it, and he was awful old and ugly." A billowing shudder went through her body.

"Then I got some more money and we bought some blue cloth and us girls sat up all night and worked the whole next day. We got the pants done, and the boys put them on and were all ready to go. The blue didn't match and they didn't fit very well, and Sallie Jones, who never did have any sense, sewed hers with white linen thread, and they looked mighty funny." An earthquake of silent laughter passed through Mrs. Wirth, and the arm chair creaked in anguish under her.

"Well, the officer who came for the boys, when he heard what I'd done, said I had to go with the company to Washington, maybe President Lincoln would want to see me. I was bashful, but I did want to go, and so my Paw and me went down, right in the same car with the soldiers, and you never heard such joking. They all proposed, and I had to say no 'bout a hundred times. The officer told us where to go in Washington, and said if President Lincoln wanted to see me he'd send for me. Well, next day an orderly came to the hotel and said for me to go with him to the White House. I was that scared, I knew I wouldn't be able to open my mouth. And the White House was full of generals and senators and all kinds of big people. The orderly took me into a room where there wasn't so many people, and there was President Lincoln, standing up. He was awful tall, and my, he was homely! But after I saw that was him, I couldn't look at him any more. He came up to me and put his great big bony hand on my head, and he said:

"My dear, may your whole life be as beautiful as your face and your good will."

The kitchen door opened and Mrs. Wirth's son thrust his vast purple face into view.

"Maw!" he cried hoarsely. "You've let the chicken burn up while you sat gassing there. And now the gentleman will have to have something else for his supper."

Mrs. Wirth sprang out of her chair with an agility incredible in one of her make up.

"Excuse me," she said, smiling apologetically. She turned her face quickly, but I saw two big tears roll leisurely down over her expanse of cheeks. "Thinking of those days I forget myself."

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Scientific Rapture

Time flows not as those hearts that knock
Together with bewildered haste,
Each in its paradise embraced.

His chimes from gloom-built minsters mock
Love's parleying plight, when he foretells
Silence with tongues of shuddering bells.

But I'll be daunted by no clock,
For in your mortal charm I see
Not Time but Relativity.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

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Lloyd George in Search of a Party

THE cleavage in the Liberal party grows and there are no signs of healing. Mr. Lloyd George holds firmly to the idea of Coalition with the Unionists, and although he qualifies his references to it by saying that it is "still" necessary, as though he admitted in his mind the prospect of a time when he may have to part from his Unionist followers—or leaders, as some call it—he is taking all the steps that would logically proceed from a permanent system of Coalition government. His position as a party leader has undoubtedly one fundamental weakness. From the point of view of the party managers it is his function to lead the Liberal sheep into the Coalition fold and from his own point of view it is essential that, somehow or other, he should maintain a large and compact body of Liberal Coalition M. P.'s to support him in the House. Already there are menacing voices raised, like those of Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M. P., and the Morning Post, to point out insistently that the Unionists have a majority over all other parties in the House and to demand that the full Unionist policy (whatever it may be) should be carried out and no longer watered down to satisfy the scruples of the Coalition Liberals, who are little more than a hundred in a house of nearly seven times the number.

It is only Mr. George's remarkable personal domination that has enabled him so far to surmount this handicap. One would grow tired of asserting that in the gifts of political management and manœuvre, both at home and abroad, he is head and shoulders above all his colleagues and enemies, were it not that this is the principal key to English politics today. It is always he who fills the public eye and impresses the public imagination, and the Unionist leaders are well aware of a truth which the Joynson-Hickses and the Morning Posts ignore: that for the average man or woman in England today the name of Mr. George counts for as much and more than the whole boiling of the other politicians put together. A Liberal Coalitionist said the other day that the hope of his heart was that eventually Mr. George would break from the Unionists and come back to be the undisputed leader of the Liberal Party. That is, in fact, the rod Mr. George keeps in his study when Unionist leaders visit him. He does not obtrude it on their notice, but he keeps it peeping out from behind the bookcase, hinting at a disagreeable future.

The present arrangement suits the Unionist managers better than it does Mr. George. They have their party organization intact. They have a well-disciplined battalion of M. P.'s and it is very easy to exaggerate the importance of the defections from it that have recently taken place. And it should be understood that they succeed in exerting a very powerful influence on British policy behind the scenes. That is where they have, and would wish to have, their pull. What can suit them better than to have a supple and dexterous tactician like Lloyd George to pull them out of the embarrassments which honest mediocrities like the Laws and Longs and Chamberlains fall into? Any of them could deal with the Prussians—in the Prussian way—but it takes a George to traffic with the French. Leave it to a Unionist to deal with the French and the result may be judged from the recent speech of Lord Derby, whom various political "experts" have been pointing to as the coming leader of an independent Unionist party. Lord Derby is a man of the Quai d'Orsay; he would bind us in a hard and fast alliance to France, revise the Treaty of Sèvres on the French model, "clear out" of Palestine and do everything else that France would have us do.

No, Mr. Bonar Law and his friends have got the stick by the right end this time. By all means let Mr. George have the "top of the bill," as the music-hall artists say. Let him conduct foreign affairs before the public eye to the disadvantage of the Foreign Minister, Lord Curzon, for after all Lord Curzon, who is regarded as the last defender of autocracy and was once caricatured as riding down the streets of Oldham, the Lancashire spinning centre, on an elephant, is an unpopular figure. Let him take some of the credit, when there is any, and as much of the discredit, when it comes, as can be put on him. But in the meantime the Unionists in the secrecy of Downing Street insist on getting, and get, just as much of their own special policies as will not endanger their possession of Mr. George and his Coalition Liberal votes. It is pull-devil, pull-baker. "If you make peace with Russia," said Mr. Law to Mr. George, "I can't answer for my Unionists." "Ah," said Mr. George, "and my Liberals have heard that you and Long are insisting on a protective tariff and I've had a round-robin this morning to say that they're sorry but that's more than they can stand."

But on the whole the Unionists do very well. For over two years, with some assistance from Mr. Churchill and the French, they prevented Mr.

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George from making the trade agreement and the political peace with Soviet Russia which he believes to be expedient and right. Lord Curzon secured some little compensation there for his virtual supersession by Mr. George in the conduct of our European policy. It was, according to insistent report, Mr. Law who in the recent negotiations for an Irish armistice stiffened Mr. George into demanding conditions that made a truce impossible. All of them together have made the Premier promise to introduce again, this session, the "key-industries" and "anti-dumping" bill which, when he introduced it in the winter of 1919-1920, he withdrew owing to the opposition of Liberal Free-Traders in the Coalition group, remarking cynically that he did not know that he much liked the bill himself.

All this does not satisfy the fanatical uncompromising Unionist, but then most Unionists are not fanatical or uncompromising; if they were, how should they still be called Unionist, having broken up Ireland and given Home Rule (as they say) to the rebel south? But it satisfies the average M. P. and it satisfies thoroughly the Unionist office-holders, who form a fair proportion of the whole. They can always hint to Mr. George discreetly, if they choose, that his Parliamentary following is too slight to justify extensive concessions in principle on their part, so Mr. George's preoccupation at the moment is to strengthen his position in the Liberal party. He feels that he must have an organization which will support his interests, if and when a general election comes. Everywhere throughout the country, Coalition Liberal Committees and Councils are being set up, sometimes without an open breach with the existing party machine, but always with the certainty that the formal breach is thereby brought much nearer. It is impossible to say what measure of support these new bodies are obtaining among the Liberal rank and file, for the Liberal party is confused and divided almost beyond hope. The National Liberal Federation, the central organization, is anti-George and pro-Asquith, but in many constituencies the local association takes the Coalitionist view, while in others a tacit truce has hitherto been maintained, both sides continuing their membership—a course which, if it leaves open the possibility of reconciliation in the future, is obviously injurious to efficiency in the present. Mr. George, having failed to carry with him the Liberal party as a whole, is determined to save what he can for himself from the wreck.

The imperious necessity lying upon Mr. George to show that he could still carry with him a large section of the Liberal party constituted the whole interest of the Cardigan by-election. It was the clinical thermometer that was to record his political health in his own country. If he could not hold his own there, it was agreed, he was a lost man electorally. Cardigan is not indeed accounted a part of North Wales, which is Mr. George's home and stronghold, but it is on his borders, and soon the whole election turned on the question whether Wales was going to repudiate the "greatest living Welshman." Mr. George struck the key-note in a speech to the Welsh Liberal Council in which he declared almost tearfully how hurt he would be if Cardigan rejected his nominee; Mrs. Lloyd George won many votes by touring the constituency appealing in simple and homely language, and often in the vernacular, for her husband, David yr Hwsmon, David the Headman; and the independent Liberals foolishly assisted in turning the contest into a purely personal one between Mr. Asquith and Mr. George—the last ground of all on which they should have fought—by bringing down Lady Bonham-Carter, Mr. Asquith's daughter, to assist in their campaign.

Lady Bonham-Carter is a bold and incisive speaker and she does not spare Mr. George. But Mr. Asquith's name, which counts for little enough in England, counts for even less in Wales, and countless Liberals who have been alienated by Mr. George's policy would vote for him if it were a choice between him and Mr. Asquith. It is a hard matter at any time for a Welshman to repudiate Mr. George, but he is likely to refuse altogether to do it if the appeal comes from Mr. Asquith or one of his intimates. In Wales even more than elsewhere Mr. George is "the man who won the war," Mr. Asquith is the man who might have lost it. Much injustice may have been done to Mr. Asquith, but he will never overcome the fact that in 1916 the war was going badly, that Mr. George—of course with infinite regret—supplanted him in the Premiership, and that then the war was won. Post hoc and not propter hoc it may have been, but the great public is not concerned with the niceties of prepositions.

Mr. George's nominee at Cardigan had 14,000 votes, the Independent had 10,500. It is an ominous victory for Mr. George. Of those 14,000 at least 7,000 were Unionists. Of the Liberals he had only 7,000 against 10,500 opponents, and that in spite of all the appeals of national pride and affection which operated much more urgently in this by-election than they will ever do at a general election or outside the narrow boundaries of Wales. It seems as though Mr. George would become increasingly dependent on the solid Tory vote supported by a minority of Liberals, and that

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would be so intolerably humiliating a position for a Prime Minister who still boasts his Liberalism that one would suppose he would finally be compelled to resolve it by going over body and soul to the Unionist party. Still less can Mr. George be satisfied if he reflects on the political views which these 10,500 electors must be held to have supported by their votes. If the Independents were unwise in forcing the personal note on the electors, they were, to their credit, bold and determined in attacking the Irish policy of Mr. George's government. I think that there is in England generally a painful apathy about the condition of Ireland, but every one of these 10,500 must be held to have condemned Mr. George and his Irish policy.

But is there any sign, it may be asked, that the government's Irish policy is likely to bring it down or even threaten its existence? That, after all, is, in the light of eternity, a vastly more important question that all the electioneering plans of the rival tacticians. I do not think there is any such likelihood. One may as well be quite frank about it. A great many Liberals in the country who a year ago were strong supporters of Mr. George have become dismayed by the spectacle which Ireland presents before the public conscience of the world. He has lost ground, I am sure, among the Liberals in the constituencies and the clubs. For the same reason he has alienated a few honest and convinced Conservatives of the Cecil type who, unlike the great mass of their party, still stand for the law and order which used to be their watchword. Labor is on the same side, but Labor is at present too cautious and dispirited, too fearful of the future and too cannily led to be found victorious on any stricken field.

That is about all that can be said. The Tory majority in the House of Commons is complacent about Ireland. The public, the "black masses" of whom governments go in fear, no more likes to be told disagreeable truths about Ireland than it did about the war. A large part of it gets no further than the conviction that the Irish, through the horrible I. R. A. murders, have been "asking for trouble" and are getting it. Another large section just wants to be left alone and not worried by or about a people which, as it sees things, never seems to be satisfied and which will not do what the English would do in like case, take what concessions it can get and set to work at once to turn them into something more. Such being the atmosphere, it is a real political event that 10,500 Welshmen, under circumstances that make the sharpest appeal to their national and personal loyalty, should have pronounced against David the Headman.

AN ENGLISH LIBERAL.

The Bandwagon

NOBODY WAS EVER MADE TO SUFFER

"The real difficulty is that the war never came to an end. It was truly an armistice. Nobody was ever punished, nobody ever made to suffer, except those youths of all countries who died in their country's name. The great criminals back of the war, the great conspirators who plotted it and the great devils who executed it, have been allowed to retire in quiet and security, to write books teeming with falsehoods concerning its causes and conduct. . . . What we ought to have done was to have marched into Berlin, written the treaty at Potsdam instead of Versailles, hanged the criminals who caused the war or exiled them in the closest exile."—*Martin W. Littleton at Madison Square Garden.*

PUTTING PRAYER ON AN EFFICIENCY BASIS

We know that the universe is governed by law; that for every effect there must be a cause, and that the same cause, under the same conditions, will invariably produce the same effect. Consequently, if prayer has ever been answered, it will always be answered if the proper conditions are complied with. This must necessarily be true; otherwise the universe would be a chaos instead of a cosmos. The answer to prayer is therefore subject to law; and these laws are definite, exact and scientific, just as are the laws governing gravitation and electricity. An understanding of these laws takes the foundation of Christianity out of the realm of superstition and credulity, and places it upon the firm rock of scientific understanding.

But, unfortunately, there are comparatively few persons who know how to pray. They understand that there are laws governing electricity, mathematics and chemistry, but for some inexplicable reason it never seems to occur to them that there are also spiritual laws, and that these laws are also definite, scientific, exact, and operate with immutable precision.

If you are interested in causes rather than effects, demonstration rather than theory, practical results rather than metaphysical subtleties, we will be glad to send evidence showing how thousands are making use of this discovery and thereby finding health, comfort, and prosperity.—*Advertisement of the Master Key Institute.*

HOW GOD WORKS IN OKLAHOMA

"There was never a Bible in Jake Hamon's room, because he died as he lived, cursing, swearing and in debauchery. . . . My contention is that God Almighty took a hand in this affair. When a man deserts a pure wife, a boy and girl, as that man did, he ought to be killed.

"I say God did it."—*The Defense in the Hamon Trial.*

THE ALTERNATIVE TO THE OPEN SHOP

The conservative labor man is one to whom sound argument and sound horse sense appeal. He is the hope of the open shop proponent. . . . He must be won over to the soundness of the proposition. This is the ideal thing to do and it can be done in many parts of the country. In others, where the radical element is too strongly entrenched, there is, of course, but one final thing to do, and that is to beat them by force. They must be locked out and licked until the conservatives see the light and realize that the rights of capital must be considered. This harsher method, however, should not be employed until all other plans have failed.—*Editorial in The Minnesota Banker.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

An Open Letter to Mr. Lansing

MY dear Mr. Lansing:

I regret that I cannot allow certain statements in your book, The Peace Negotiations, to pass without comment.

You quote, as expressing your views concerning the Treaty at the time of your conversation of May 19, 1919, with me, a lengthy memorandum of yours dated May 8, 1919, the general tenor of which is expressed in the following passage:

> "This war was fought by the United States to destroy forever the conditions which produced it. These conditions have not been destroyed. They have been supplanted by other conditions, equally productive of hatred, jealousy and suspicion. In place of the Triple Alliance and the Entente has arisen the Quintuple Alliance, which is to rule the world. The victors in this war intend to impose their combined will upon the vanquished and to subordinate all interests to their own.
>
> "It is true that to please the aroused public opinion of mankind and to respond to the idealism of the moralist they have surrounded the new Alliance with a halo and called it 'The League of Nations,' but whatever it may be called or however it may be disguised it is an alliance of the Five Great Military Powers."

You will note that in the entire memorandum from which this is a representative excerpt, you did not once advocate ratification of the Treaty nor in any other memorandum written in Paris and quoted in your book, did you advocate ratification of the Treaty.

In your telegram to the President, written some four months later, and made public in your book, you added contrary statements giving a radically different meaning to your words. You said that although you had criticized the Treaty in your conversation with me, you had followed your criticisms by saying "that nothing ought to be done to prevent the speedy restoration of peace by signing the Treaty," and that "anything which was an obstacle to ratification was unfortunate, because we ought to have peace as soon as possible." This telegram, written four months after the event is the sole evidence upon which you base an allegation that I, "possibly unintentionally" . . . . "by omitting the context, entirely changed the meaning" of your statements in our conversation of May 19, 1919.

I have compared this telegram of yours of September 16, 1919, with your memorandum of May 8, 1919, and with the memorandum which I dictated to my secretary immediately after our conversation of May 19, 1919. And I cannot reconcile the statements in the telegram, which four months later you sent to the President, with either your memorandum of May 8th or my memorandum of May 19th. I find that my memorandum of our conversation contains, among others, precisely the same criticisms of the Treaty which you gave in your memorandum of May 8th, and just as there is no mention in your memorandum of your advocating ratification of the Treaty, just so there is no mention of your advocating ratification in my memorandum of our conversation. Your own contemporary record agrees with mine. In it there is no trace of your advocating unconditional ratification.

In your statement on page 276 of your book lies, perhaps, the explanation of the discrepancy between the contemporary record and your later telegram to the President. There you say that when you became "convinced after conversations with the President *in July and August* 1919, that he would not consent to any effective reservations, the politic course seemed to be to endeavor to secure ratification without reservations." Had you believed in May, what in September you said you had believed in May, you would not have had to be convinced in July and August. Your telegram of September 16th to the President was clearly an evasion and the argument you base on it in your book has no foundation in the facts established by the contemporary evidence.

In regard to your other criticisms, I have only this to say: As you point out ably in your book, hostility to the Treaty was widespread throughout the American delegation in Paris. Apart from the bitter verbal criticisms and memoranda, you record that on the very day you received my letter of resignation you received also "letters from five of our principal experts protesting against the terms of peace and stating that they considered them to be an abandonment of the principles for which America fought." In addition you record the fact that "one of the officials, whose relations with the President were of a most intimate nature, said that he was in a quandary about resigning" and that "another and more prominent adviser of the President" was most bitter.

Of this bitter feeling against the Treaty, among those sent to negotiate it, which is now revealed in your book, no first-hand word had come to those representatives of the American people elected to consider the ratification of Treaties, when I was summoned to testify before the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate. If the "open diplomacy" which you advocate in your book means anything, it means, in the case of the United States, that the American people, through their elected representatives, have a right to know what a Treaty means, and the opinions of the men actively engaged in its negotiation as to the obligations it imposes. No conversation about official business can honorably be kept secret from the representatives of the American people, elected to deal with that business and engaged in seeking facts upon which to base their judgment. Our conversation of May 19th, 1919, dealt with the most vitally important official business before the United States.

As you say on page 4 of your book, in explaining (to employ a phrase you use elsewhere) your conduct in voluntarily repeating conversations which were from their nature highly confidential—

> "It is unsatisfactory, if not criticizable, to leave the American people in doubt as to a disagreement between two of their official representatives upon a matter of so grave importance to the country as the negotiation of the Treaty of Versailles. They are entitled to know the truth in order that they may pass judgment upon the merits of the differences which existed."

You here express the conviction which I have always held and upon which I acted.

And, if I may quote you again as expressing a realization which I, too, had—

> "In the circumstances it is far too much to expect to escape criticism. The review of facts and comments upon them may be characterized in certain quarters as disloyal to a superior and as violative of the seal of silence which is considered generally to apply to the intercourse and communications between the President and his official advisers."

In spite of your realization of the criticisms which must follow, you have at last laid bare your personal relations with your superior officer, and all your knowledge of the peace negotiation. When I was summoned to appear before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate I followed the same course, with the same realization of the consequences to me. The real difference between us is this—You now publicly urge that the American people were and are entitled to know the truth. You have taken them into your confidence after they have given judgment upon the Treaty, when it is too late for the facts you reveal to help them. I acted when the issue was still doubtful and it seemed certain that the Treaty would be passed. Your present criticism seems to spring from the single difference that I spoke to representatives of the American people at an hour when the American people needed facts and were seeking facts upon which to base their decision on the Treaty.

New York City. WILLIAM C. BULLITT.

First to Quit

SIR: Who will be first to leave the cabinet, from whatever cause, resignation or the hand of God? You may be amused to know that at dinner the other night ten of us held an auction on the chances of anyone's leaving, and these were the prices paid for first-to-quit:

Hays	$ .30	Fall	$1.25
Daugherty	.60	Davis	1.40
Denby	.65	Mellon	7.00
Weeks	.85	Hughes	13.00
Wallace	1.00	Hoover	31.00

If Mr. Hays should become offended and quit in a few weeks, some one of us would reap a pot of $57.05 on an investment of 30 cents. But probably the large sums for Hoover and Hughes reflect fairly accurately what many people think of their position in the cabinet. X.

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TWO POEMS BY ROBERT FROST

The Census Taker

I came an errand one cloud-blowing evening
To a slab-built black-paper-covered house
Of one room and one window and one door,
The only dwelling in a waste cut-over
A hundred square miles round it in the mountains:
And that not dwelt in now by men or women
(It never had been dwelt in, though, by women;
So what is this I make a sorrow of?).
I came as census-taker to the waste
To count the people in it and found none,
None in the hundred miles, none in the house,
Where I came last with some hope, but not much,
After hours' overlooking from the cliffs
An emptiness flayed to the very stone.
I found no people that dared show themselves,
None not in hiding from the outward eye.
The time was autumn but how anyone
Could tell the time of year when every tree
That could have dropped a leaf was down itself
And nothing but the stump of it was left
Now bringing out its rings in sugar of pitch;
And every tree up stood a rotting trunk
Without a single leaf to spend on autumn,
Or branch to whistle after what was spent.
Perhaps the wind the more without the help
Of breathing trees said something of the time
Of year or day the way it swung a door
Forever off the latch, as if rude men
Passed in and slammed it shut each one behind him
For the next one to open for himself.
I counted nine I had no right to count
(But this was dreamy unofficial counting)
Before I made the tenth across the threshold.
Where was my supper? Where was anyone's?
No lamp was lit. Nothing was on the table.
The stove was cold—the stove was off the chimney—
And down by one side where it lacked a leg.
The people that had loudly passed the door
Were people to the ear but not the eye.
They were not on the table with their elbows.
They were not sleeping in the shelves of bunks.
I saw no men there and no bones of men there.
I armed myself against such bones as might be
With the pitch-blackened stub of an ax-handle
I picked up off the straw-dust covered floor.
Not bones, but the ill-fitted window rattled.
The door was still because I held it shut
While I thought what to do—that could be done—
About the house—about the people not there.
The house in one year fallen to decay
Filled me with no less sorrow than the houses
Fallen to ruin in ten thousand years
Where Asia wedges Africa from Europe.
Nothing was left to do that I could see
Unless to find that there was no one there
And declare to the cliffs too far for echo,
"The place is desert and let whoso lurks
In silence, if in this he be aggrieved,
Break silence now, or be forever silent.
Let him say why it should not be declared so."
The melancholy of having to count souls
Where they grow fewer and fewer every year
Is extreme where they shrink to none at all.
It must be I want life to go on living.

A Hillside Thaw

To think to know the country and not know
The hillside on the day the sun lets go
Ten million silver lizards out of snow.
As often as I've seen it done before
I can't pretend to tell the way it's done.
It looks as if some magic of the sun
Lifted the rug that bred them on the floor
And the light breaking on them made them run.
But if I thought to stop the wet stampede,
And caught one silver lizard by the tail,
And put my foot on one without avail,
And threw myself wet-elbowed and wet-kneed
In front of twenty others' wriggling speed,—
In the confusion of them all aglitter
And birds that joined in the excited fun
By doubling and redoubling song and twitter,
I have no doubt I'd end by holding none.
It takes the moon for this. The sun's a wizard
By all I tell; but so's the moon a witch.
From the high west she makes a gentle cast
And suddenly without a jerk or twitch
She has her spell on every single lizard.
I fancied when I looked at eight o'clock
The swarm still ran and scuttled just as fast.
The moon was waiting for her chill effect.
I looked at ten: the swarm was turned to rock
In every life-like posture of the swarm,
Transfixed on mountain slopes almost erect.
Across each other and side by side they lay.
The spell that so could hold them as they were
Was wrought through trees without a breath of storm
To make a leaf, if there had been one, stir.
It was the moon's. She held them until day,
One lizard at the end of every ray.
The thought of my attempting such a stay!

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After the Play

THE great thing about John Drinkwater's Lincoln was that, unlike most historical plays, it dramatized an idea. The Disraelis and Paganinis and Sophies and Madame Sands have been merely attempts to dramatize picturesque personalities; one shuddered when one heard that Mr. Arliss was thinking of producing a Voltaire, because one apprehended a Voltaire like Disraeli and Paganini, a Voltaire reduced to a wig and a wicked grin, who would be shown, in spite of all his waspishness, to have had a heart full of wholesome sentiment. And the fiction inspired by Lincoln—The Toy Shops and The Perfect Tributes—had suffered especially from this deficiency: it had concerned itself mainly with the high hat, the homely manner and the kind deed. What Mr. Drinkwater dramatized for the first time was the idea of not taking vengeance on your enemies; and for this reason, largely, I believe, his play was a great success, in spite of its rather undistinguished style and the puppet-like quality of its characters.

The same thing is true of Mary Stuart, which has just been put on at the Ritz Theatre. In this case, the idea is that of the "great lover," the woman whose capacity for love is so great that she can love several men at a time and whose tragedy is that she finds about her no one worthy of her love; and Mr. Drinkwater has made of it an intelligent and interesting play. But it is not the great play it might be: the tragedy of the superwoman condemned to inferior men. In the first place, the story is burdened in its presentation with a distressingly clumsy apparatus. It opens with a modern prologue, in which two men in a library discuss what is supposed to be a case analogous to Mary Stuart's: the young man's wife has a lover and he is greatly distressed about it, but the older man advises him not to worry, because there are some kinds of women who can love two men at a time without being false to either. Mary Stuart, he says, was just such a woman. Whereupon the Queen herself appears as a phantom, declaring "I can tell you everything!"—the modern setting disappears and the real play begins. If this prologue was written to fill out the evening, because the real play was too short, I should think it would have been much better to have had a long curtain-raiser; if it was written to remind the audience that Mary was a not uncommon type and might still be met with today, I think it hardly serves its purpose; for the point of the play is that Mary was longing for a lover as great as she and had to be content with lesser ones, whereas the point of the prologue is that a woman may love two men at once. This objection may be pedantic, but, at any rate, it would have been much better to have had it appear from the play itself that Mary is speaking not only for herself but for a whole class of women.

The play itself is a long episode which ends in the murder of Riccio. Mary's husband, Darnley, is a cad; Riccio is a shallow courtier; Bothwell is an equally shallow bully. Mary's tragedy lies in the fact that she cannot care enough about any of them for him to cause her a real tragedy. This sounds like an admirable theme, but Mr. Drinkwater muffs its possibilities for intense emotion. The trouble is that all the moral interest is dumped at the beginning of the play. In the first place, Mary's character and situation are explained as copiously as possible before the main drama even begins; and, as soon as the curtain has gone up on the main drama, Mary proceeds to explain herself even more elaborately. Some of her speeches in this early scene are thrilling,—in fact, they are the best thing in the play. The trouble with them is that they come too soon: when Mary has told of her fierce desire for a mate who will be her peer and her revolt against the ignoble intrigues with which she tries to satisfy her passion, there is nothing more to be said. You know the story before it is told: there is nothing left except incident. The climax of the action brings no moral climax with it. The interest is derived, not from the fact that Riccio is murdered: everybody knew all along that he was going to be; but in the fact that Mary does not care enough about him, after all, to be deeply moved even by his death. But this is surely not enough. One expects a great statement of the main theme; and this has now become impossible, because the fullest possible statement of the main theme has been given at the very beginning. I should think that the way to have made the play into a really effective drama would have been to let Mary's character and situation leak through from the incidents of the play and only at the very end have her declare herself in some magnificent passionate utterance.

The conclusion is further weakened by the dragging in of the machinery which blurred and encumbered the beginning. In the end, the voices are heard off stage of the two characters of the prologue repeating the same words with which the prologue closed. And Mary says again, as she hears them: "I can tell you everything!"—and the curtain goes down. This is too silly for a serious play: it is the sort of thing one expects of As You Were or When Knights Were Bold; it is purely a "trick" ending, which has no moral connection with the theme.

Miss Clare Eames, as Mary Stuart, is, I am sure, one of the most convincing queens ever seen on any stage; she looks as if she had been painted by Holbein. She has all the dignity and sculptural beauty of royalty, and not a little of its smooth coldness. She is perfect in all the scenes which require poise and authority (the scene with the Ambassador, for example), but Mary Stuart, as described in the play, she certainly is not. In the first place, it is impossible to imagine that she has lived a long time in France; there is nothing French about Miss Eames; she has very little lightness or gaiety. And then she is never really passionate or bitter; she gives no sign of the smouldering emotions which are supposed to be consuming her; in fact, she remains as imperturbed throughout as if she were the modern Queen Mary. When she gives herself up to Bothwell's embrace, you feel that something shocking has happened, as if you were a schoolboy looking in at the Superintendent kissing Teacher. It is disconcertingly uncharacteristic, where it should seem perfectly natural.

The three men are perhaps as well done as the text demands; the author has sketched them in rather simply, as types, without individualizing them. It seems to me the whole play is done on too slight a scale; Mr. Drinkwater has a fine instinct for dramatizing ideas, but a feeble dramatic imagination. His characters are always a little like flat colored pasteboard figures; they do not take independent life and precipitate their own tragedies; they are essentially illustrations for tragedies already provided by history. But if his plays are less a gallery of real creations than an historical picture-book, it is at least a picture-book by a man with something better than the usual eye for costume and romance; it is the work of an artist intelligent enough to understand the real issues of the past and to present his historical figures in terms of actual humanity.

EDMUND WILSON, JR.

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Mr. More Moralizes

A New England Group, and Others, by Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

HOW does a critic give the impression that he carries big guns? Some of the younger men, I fancy, believe that the golden rule is to bring in references to little-known authors of the seventeenth century. Paul Elmer More, one of the critical personages of this country, has no such flimsy apparatus. He gives some people the impression that he carries big guns largely because his temperament and habit of mind are the same as a conservative banker's, and this conservative banker-temperament qualifies him to act importantly. He manages, that is to say, to take no chances on the uncertain. He makes it his business to suspect his own nature and the nature of others, and to frown especially on everything in the nature of escapade, experiment or revolution. He invests heavily in the gilt-edge securities of the classics, with a somewhat smaller block of Shakespearean and Miltonian stock. Out of sentiment and with definite reservations he goes in a little for the spirit and poetry of early New England. He snaps up practically anything that bears the name of Oxford. These operations he considers legitimate and he exploits them carefully and thoroughly, avoiding gush and extravagance yet committing himself without question. But when it comes to modernity, whether in the person of romantics, agnostics, socialists, liberals, feminists, or what-not, he buttons up his pockets and tightens his lips. He may be compelled to seem depressed and monotonous, to appear as if he had a slow pulse, low blood pressure and subnormal temperature. He doesn't care. For the present generation that comes flocking to his credit-department, he has nothing but uncritical rudeness and sneers. The world, as he sees it, is "set free from its moorings." This he deplores. And sitting in his stiff morning-coat style, he reflects on the shabbiness, the ingratitude, the disloyalty of all the younger banking firms that dare to disagree with himself and old Pierpont Morgan on the virtues of conservatism and "the bed-rock of character."

This, of course, is not sympathetic. Let me, then, be sympathetic. Let me try to look at this critical personage as he might look on himself.

"We begin by thinking him, comparatively at least, a trifle dull; but as we read on we are caught by the sheer integrity of his language; we are impressed by the feeling that here was a man of utter veracity, who never swerved aside to be funny or wise or profound or original, but was concerned to say with unflinching precision just what he felt and thought. No doubt these virtues have a negative side and denote a certain slowness of imagination and a certain lack of higher spontaneity in the writer, but at worst we are not annoyed by the attempt to conceal such deficiencies under a sham sprightliness, and at the best we forget them by reason of other positive qualities."

To Charles Eliot Norton Mr. More applies these phrases. I imagine he'd be acquiescent if they were applied to himself. He is always at needless pains to disown sprightliness, "the smart style now in fashion." He seldom swerves aside to be original or funny. But of integrity and veracity, "the bedrock of character," he never ceases to preach. The qualities at which he aims, positive qualities, do not depend on quick sympathy or lively expression. These he does not possess. They do not call for that leaping spark of association which William James has credited to genius. Mr. More is totally without genius. By a slower and more sober route he travels to his philosophic altitude—by a route that demands a classic comprehension of human vanity and frailty, that requires a willingness to bridle man's galloping aspirations and to undertake the profound loneliness of searching spiritual self-examination. With the treasures of the ancients before him, and with his ear proudly attendant to the voice of conscience, Mr. More is seldom in the mood to embark on experiment. Life to him is an understood pilgrim's progress beset with known temptation, allurement and beguilement. It is "a perpetual battle with the powers of evil." If he spend his days in the pursuit of culture, it is above everything in respect of "something central and formative," something that attempts not the passing delectation of one's wits or one's senses but "the discipline of the passions," "the tenderness to every duty," "the repose of clear conscience," the enjoyment of God. "We need somehow or other to get the fear of God back into society," ends one essay in this book. Another ends, "a unique interest was lost to learning with the admission of women into Oxford's cloistered society and the banishment of God." These phrases are not accidental. To the idea of God and to moral responsibility most of his reflections are related. So he discusses the spirit and poetry of early New England, Jonathan Edwards, Emerson, Norton, Henry Adams, Henry Holt's spiritualism, Samuel Butler, John Morley, "Economic Ideals" as represented in Ernest Poole's The Harbor, and "Oxford, Women, and God."

Mr. More's positiveness in these essays, and in general, it is satisfactory to acknowledge. He is undoubtedly "concerned to say with unflinching precision" just what he feels and thinks. What he feels is usually meagre and grudging. What he thinks is almost always one-sided and illiberal. His temper is censorious. But it is to the advantage of his readers that even when he is most unattractive and unpropitiating he is ready to manifest himself and even to claim authority. I like neither his manner nor his grammar when, speaking of Rousseau, he refers to "that lack of personal reticence in speech and conduct which make his character so repulsive." But even the absoluteness of this statement, which should not be absolute, indicates the place where one may expect to find Mr. More. He is a believer in so-called natural aristocracy, in dry protestantism, in tradition, in the dictates and exactions of "justice." He is an elaborate and sustained critic of relaxed manners, humanitarianism, "social justice," and the imperialism of what he conceives to be science. Granted his excessively loose terminology, his position is plainly established and rigidly maintained. "When the last balance is made up, I even suspect that Mr. [William] James will have been found among the disintegrating and deteriorating forces of the age." That is the kind of banker-conservative he is, and no apologies offered.

To assault Mr. More's dualism and anti-romanticism is at this moment scarcely necessary. It may even clear the air to say that his possession of a considerable background helps his criticism and that his love of the classics is one of the fine things about him, and in no way strictly antithetical to modern feeling and thinking. But what is deplorable about Mr. More, what is structurally faulty in his temper and temperament, is the way in which serenity and urbanity desert him when he is confronted by men unlike himself. The Way of All Flesh, he says, "is a powerful book, even a great book in a way; but it is bitter, malignant, base, dishonorable and dishonest. Unfortunately, to the smudged and smeared minds of a Bernard

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Shaw and a Gilbert Cannan it appeals as Butler's masterpiece." Prithee, little man, why so hot? And why such a boor as to say, "Heaven knows the erotic Muse has been vocal enough in other sections of the world. For my part I still prefer James Russell Lowell's Under the Willows to the self-advertized passion of a certain living poetess who bears his family name." For my part the niceness of not naming Miss Amy Lowell is only less offensive than the pointless uncritical rudeness of the whole silly reference.

Mr. More is not above innumerable hen-pecks at modernity. We hear about "the clamor of our emancipated youth." Not to appreciate the poetry of "old Wigglesworth and the asthmatic Muse of the other Puritan divines" is "to prove one's self dulled and vulgarized by the strident conceit of modernity." We learn of "young wits gasping their discontent in London." We are told of certain sceptics that if they are uneasy about religion they are insincere and if they are not uneasy they are "spiritually blind." So, interspersed with Mr. More's pressed flowers of speech, are these betrayals of integrity and veracity, these unimaginative bêtises.

The explanation of such bêtises is, in large measure, nothing more or less than invincible ignorance. Along certain lines Mr. More shows himself to be illuminating as well as diligent. He throws light on Jonathan Edwards, Charles Eliot Norton and Henry Adams. But when it comes for example to John Morley and John Morley's version of Burke, Mr. More is literally unqualified to deal with the facts. To the discussion of the French Revolution he brings none of John Morley's large political enlightenment. He knows nothing of workingmen, of poverty, of the unprotected struggle and rich development of common men and women. Being rather unusual in the slowness and dryness of his imagination, having a deficient emotional equipment and a strong tendency to live in half-light with well-domesticated abstractions, it was probably the ruin of Paul Elmer More that he loaded himself up with the classics. What he needed much more than the classics was a variety of human experience. Even a little experience of the actual problems of men and women would have acted on most of his abstractions as fresh air acts on mummies. They'd have crumbled to dust and blown away. His ignorance being preserved, however, and being fortified by egoism, we are treated to the spectacle of this conventual man rapping life on the fingers even in the mild cases of the "romantic" Emerson, the "sentimental" Henry Adams, the brutal Samuel Butler, the feminized Oxford and the faithless John Morley.

Such lapses mean more to me than much high discourse about Jonathan Edwards' theology. They mark Mr. More for what he is, an exasperated provincial. In his own mind, no doubt, his general air of sobriety gives a hint of his probity. The fact that his senses do not inform his style proves that he is safe and sane, sticking to such well-tried banker lingo as "lights of the Victorian age," "fripperies and baubles of political life," "the seats of authority," "a sheaf of quotations." But even if he were ten times as formidable as he is in his criticism of the generous emotions and the risks of experiment, even if he were ten times as alive to the falsities and fustian of humanitarianism, I still should discount him because he greets novelty with such trembling fury. The classics, after all, were novel in their time—and it was men like Paul Elmer More who gave Socrates the hemlock.

F. H.

John Marshall

The Life of John Marshall, by Albert J. Beveridge. Four Volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

'LEAN to the right,' shouted the driver of a lumbering coach to his passengers, and all the jostled and benumbed travelers crowded to that side of the clumsy vehicle. 'Left,' roared the coachman a little later, and his fares threw themselves to the opposite side. The ruts and gullies, now on one side and now on the other, of the highway were so deep that only by acting as a shifting ballast could the voyagers maintain the stage's centre of gravity and keep it from an upset.

Mr. Beveridge is describing the miserable condition of the road between Philadelphia and Baltimore about the time of the Constitutional Convention. Poor transportation made for community isolation and hence increased the difficulty of securing the adoption of any plan for a strong centralized government. But the paragraph quoted above may also be regarded as descriptive of the oscillation of opinion as to the proper function of government. Like the stage coach it veers from the "right" of extreme conservatism wherein a strong government is demanded whose business it is to protect private property and promote "law and order," to the "left" of unregulated democracy where men are to be as free as possible from all sorts of governmental interference. In American history Thomas Jefferson is representative of those whose weight has been thrown to the "left"; John Marshall of those who have borne down with all their strength on the "right."

Instead of taking it for granted, Mr. Beveridge devotes nearly all of his first volume to the early part of Marshall's life that would ordinarily be regarded as unimportant, in an effort to discover the ultimate sources of his hero's nationalistic and conservative character. He finds them in personal influence, individual experience, and economic interest. He attributes considerable importance to the fact that when Marshall was only twelve years old he had read, copied, and largely committed to memory Pope's Essay on Man, one of the few books that graced the shelves of his father's rude "parlor." "The soul of Pope's Essay is the wisdom of and necessity for order; and it is plain that the boy absorbed the vital message and made it his own."

Marshall's father and George Washington were much influenced by Lord Fairfax, with whom they associated while surveying his western lands. "Fairfax was a unique man who though hating oppression was equally hostile to disorder and upheaval." And for Washington and his own father, Marshall had a deep and abiding affection, and for their characters and opinions he always had a most profound admiration. But it was Marshall's own experiences in the army during the revolution that determined his mind toward nationalism. He saw the struggle for independence long drawn out and all but lost because of the weakness and inefficiency of Congress. He believed victory might have come quick and soon had we possessed a vigorous government clothed with authority to command respect and obedience. The lesson of that horrible winter at Valley Forge was not lost upon the young Virginia lieutenant. The failure of Virginia and other states after the war to provide for the execution of the treaty of 1783 with Great Britain for the payment of debts due from Americans to British subjects, still further influenced Marshall in favor of a government that could enforce its treaty obligations.

But perhaps the decisive influence was his own economic

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interests. Soon after the war he was instrumental in forming a syndicate to purchase the great Fairfax estate in the northern neck of Virginia. The donation of this tract of land by royal grant to the English lord had always been disliked in Virginia, and when the revolution came on the legislature confiscated it, as the property of an enemy alien. But the act of confiscation had never been executed and hence by the treaty of peace the land reverted to the heirs of Lord Fairfax. If Virginia was to ignore the treaty regarding debts to British subjects, Marshall rightly feared that she might disregard it with respect to this land which he had purchased. That the Constitution adopted at Philadelphia in 1787 was calculated to protect just such interests as his, no doubt was influential in inclining Marshall to support it.

Therefore, in 1788, we find him as a member of the Virginia convention fighting valiantly and successfully for the ratification of the new instrument of national government; later in the legislature and in Congress he is upholding nationalist principles; as a practicing attorney in Richmond his largest fees are coming from the members of those very commercial classes who, with the land speculators, were most influential in the support of the new government.

Like all good Federalists he is suspicious of the radicalism of the French revolutionary government and becomes a bitter partisan of England in her war against that old world experiment in democracy. Naturally his appointment by President Adams as one of the three commissioners to go to Paris and negotiate a new treaty is resented by the Directory. The X Y Z affair is the result and Marshall returns to share with John Adams the only moments of genuine popularity that either ever knew. But this popularity is soon over and after Marshall had served out the brief unexpired term of that crabbed old snob, Timothy Pickering, as Secretary of State, he is raised to the position of Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court in the last month of Adams' term, to the great joy of vested interests everywhere. This position he held for the rest of his life—a little over thirty-five years.

Such in brief outline was the public career of John Marshall, "the Great Chief Justice," who has come down to us as a sort of mythical person, handing down impartial decisions with the even handed justice and wisdom of a Solomon or an Haroun-al-Raschid. But in Mr. Beveridge's account Marshall and his decisions are stripped of their legendary character, and therefore they have for us a new interest. With scholarly impartiality and painstaking accuracy, he explains the political and economic conditions of the country when each decision was made, by whom it was applauded, and by whom denounced.

In this method we have a suggestion for vitalizing the study of constitutional law (not perhaps for the technical law student) but for the general student of history and political science. That is to say we might more profitably study the decisions historically and illuminate each with an account of the particular social, economic or political circumstances that surrounded each decision. Certainly no student of the future can understand the decision in the recent case of Gilbert v. Minnesota without paying some attention to the peculiar psychology of the country at the time the decision was made or at least at the time the "crime" was committed. A historical study of the Bible is a good deal more worth while than was our old time course given in the denominational colleges a few decades back on the harmony of the Scriptures. And there is about as much harmony in the Scriptures as there is in Supreme Court decisions, although it may be admitted that the gentlemen who wrote the former did not strain so hard to maintain harmony as did those who wrote the latter.

As is well known Marshall's decisions were effective in promoting the interests of the commercial classes and in developing the supremacy of the Court over the other two branches of the government and over the pretended sovereignty of the states. With this general tendency Mr. Beveridge is wholly sympathetic. The book abounds in such phrases as "the noble passages of that remarkable state paper," "fortunate, indeed, for the Republic that Marshall's fateful pronouncement came forth at such a critical hour," and "destiny was soon again to call John Marshall to the performance of an imperative duty." Such expressions cause the reader to wonder why a biographer cannot be content to tell his story truthfully and simply. Why is everything, or almost everything, his hero does "for the best?"

We have plenty of biographers of Jefferson, for instance, who claim for him near infallibility. Mr. Beveridge does almost the same thing for Marshall. Somebody is in error, for Jefferson and Marshall hated each other with a hate as enduring as their lives. Each was quite sure that the principles of the other would lead straight to perdition. To Jefferson such decisions as those in Marbury v. Madison and the Dartmouth College case meant nothing short of the negation of democratic government both in state and nation. Of the former of these decisions, says Marshall's biographer enthusiastically, "Thus, by a coup as bold in design and as daring in execution as that by which the Constitution had been framed, John Marshall set up a landmark in American history so high that all the future could take bearings from it, so enduring that all the shocks the nation was to endure could not overturn it. State courts as well as national tribunals, thereafter fearlessly applied the principle that Marshall announced, and the supremacy of written constitutions over legislative acts was firmly established." So it was! And Mr. Beveridge might have added that this principle was applied with a vengeance by the Court when it declared unconstitutional the Missouri compromise and more recently the Federal Child Labor law. And we had always understood that Mr. Beveridge was one of those who in 1912 stood at Armageddon and battled for the Lord and against judicial supremacy.

Of the influence of the Dartmouth College case, our author says, "It reassured investors in corporate securities and gave confidence and steadiness to the business world. It is undeniable and undenied that America could not have been developed so rapidly and solidly without the power which the law as announced by Marshall gave to industrial organization." Very well, but why say it in such a way as to leave in the reader's mind no doubt whatever that it was an excellent thing for America to be developed rapidly? It is at least arguable that it might have been much better for us now had our resources been developed (or should we say butchered?) less rapidly. Let the reader think for himself and make up his own mind if he wishes to do so. It is just possible, though we never get a hint of it in this biography, that Jefferson had some reason to fear what he denominated "the despotism of a judicial oligarchy." Of course Jefferson was very likely wrong. But why load the dice?

But such reflections are beside the point.

Mr. Beveridge tells us that when Marshall was sending

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the manuscript of his Life of Washington to his publisher that worthy gentleman sometimes complained that the Chief Justice's prolixity seemed to know no limit. It is not the reviewer's intention to suggest that Mr. Beveridge might have profited by this example. For anyone who has labored so industriously and intelligently in gathering such a mass of important historical data is certainly entitled to all the space he needs to write it down. It is worth reading four volumes to have John Marshall rescued from the limbo of legendary legal lore and made over into a real flesh and blood human being. It is very doubtful if any other man who has graced the halls of Congress in our time, not even excepting that "scholar in politics," Mr. Harry Cabot Lodge, could have produced a work anywhere approaching in scholarly ability this monumental Life of John Marshall.

B. B. KENDRICK.

The Noon Mark

The Noon-Mark, by Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

IN detail, The Noon-Mark, by Mary S. Watts, author of The Rise of Jennie Cushing, The Boardman Family etc., is a capable transcription of fresh and carefully studied material badly organized. The author is mistress of a style that is matter of fact without being commonplace, fluent without being obtrusively rhythmical, and personal without being affected. Many large sections of the book, such as the coming of Randy McQuair to the home of his father's family, have the charm and intimacy of which great novels are made. The defeat of young Marklein's philandering by the quick-witted Nettie entertains in a different way, the little tragedy in the background adding the touch of pathos that makes real humor out of what is superficially comedy.

Mrs. Watts is writing of a growing town in the Middle West, somewhere along the Ohio River. She does not create characters for the purpose of weaving their stories into a systematic plot. Rather she makes such representative selection of persons who have marked individuality as well as the equally marked stamp of type that by telling us a portion of their interwoven biographies she gives us the essence of their place and time. We accept the study too with that delight with which we welcome the familiar first well translated from fact to fiction.

The faults of The Noon Hour are faults of construction. They in no way impair the sketch of manners and characters, but they prevent The Noon Mark from having the artistic unity and finish of a well-constructed novel. The story breaks raggedly at the point (two-thirds of the way through the book) where Nettie renounces Randy McQuair as a man of a social station and a temperament incompatible with hers. Up to this point the emphasis has been on McQuair. The story has been his, and the characters have been seen in general through his eyes, or in reference to him. After the break the story becomes that of Nettie and is continued from her point of view. Moreover the tragedy of Randy and Nettie is complete with the break; and the continuation of Nettie's story consequently has the effect of irrelevance and anti-climax, especially since Randy disappears from the scene altogether. Finally the conclusion of Nettie's story is unsatisfactory. She has given up Randy because he is unsuited to her, but she marries James Peabody, about whom the author tells us little, but who does not appear from that little to be one whit better suited to Nettie than Randall. To be sure there is in the prologue the parable of the fox who wanted camel for lunch, but when the noon mark was reached contented himself with a mouse. This tragic and desperate satisfaction of burnt out aspirations gives an ironic twist to Mrs. Watts's quotation of the well-worn tag: They lived happily ever after.

G. H. C.

Selected Current Books

Supers and Supermen, by Philip Guedalla. Knopf.
The supermen include Disraeli, Delane, Thiers, Treitschke, Kitchener. By "the most continuously and insolently brilliant undergraduate in the Oxford" of his day.

Mayfair to Moscow, by Clare Sheridan. Boni.
Mrs. Sheridan's diary, with reproductions of her busts of the Soviet leaders, and a few American notes.

My Years of Exile, by Eduard Bernstein. Harcourt.
"A few reminiscences of my years of wandering and exile" by the distinguished German Socialist.

The Crisis in Russia, by Arthur Ransome. Huebsch.
In the interests of humanity Mr. Ransome interprets the changes and modifications in Communist Russia.

A Book of Jewish Thoughts, edited by J. H. Hertz. Oxford Press.
An anthology selected by the chief Rabbi in England. "To the sacred memory of the Sons of Israel who fell in the Great War, 1914-1918."

Dead Towns and Living Men, by C. Leonard Woolley. Oxford Press.
A young English field archeologist describes his recent work at Carchemish and elsewhere.

Across Mongolian Plains, by Roy Chapman Andrews. Appleton.
Associate curator of mammals in the American Museum of National History describes his expedition of 1918. Liberally illustrated from photographs.

Freedom and Liberty, by William Benett. Oxford Press.
An essay on freedom, liberty, and the "final ends, philosophic and religious."

The Old Man's Youth, by William de Morgan. Holt.
An unfinished novel, with a postscript entitled The Story, by Mrs. de Morgan.

Economic Development of the United States, by Isaac Lippincott. Appleton.
A survey of national industry, its sources and development. 691 pages. The author is professor of economic resources in Washington University.

Contributors

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RAYMOND B. FOSDICK spent 1913 in Europe studying police organization, as a representative of the Rockefeller Bureau of Social Hygiene. His most recent books are European Police Systems, and American Police Systems. An editorial on the latter book appeared in the New Republic for January 5th, 1921, page 156.

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